OCTOBER 1943 10 CENTS ICC

Calling All GIRLS

LARGEST CIRCULATION MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS

COMICS
STORIES
Movies
FASHIONS
Good Looks
Etiquette
Things to Do

WHAT TO DO
when there's no gas

Don't give it a second thought — just grab your bicycle, and take your Dura-Gloss along. Dura-Gloss is a big relief from it all. Sit down, nice and quiet, and make your fingers the most beautiful in the world. Dura-Gloss does it. It's a wonderful nail polish. Contains Chrystallyne that makes it stay on better. Sparkles brightly. Full of color and life — womanly stuff — the stuff that angels are made of. Don't be without DURA-GLOSS, 10¢.

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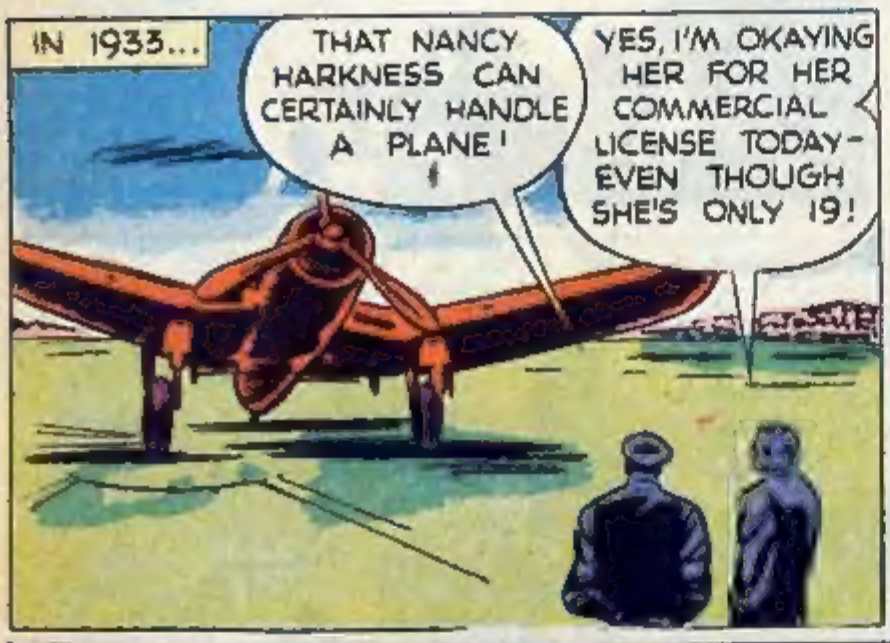
10¢ PLUS TAX

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat



CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS Division of The Parents' Institute, Inc.
Publication Office: 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. • Executive & Editorial Office: 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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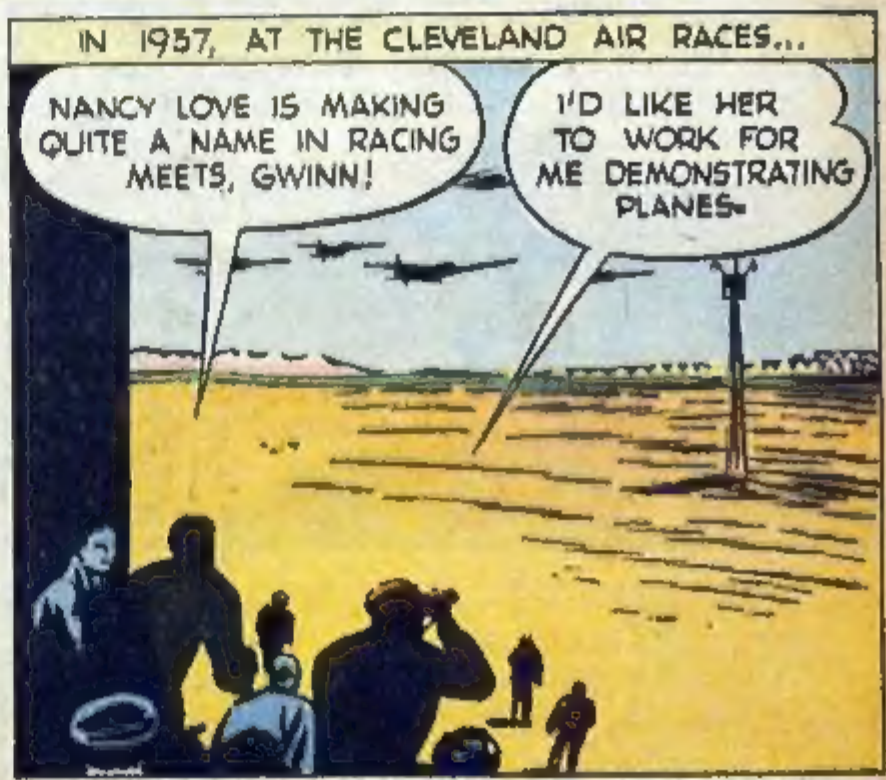
Subscriptions: 12 issues, $1.00. In Canada and foreign countries, $1.20. Payment for Canadian subscriptions accepted in Canadian funds. Entered as second class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second class mail at Toronto, Canada. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1943 by The Parents' Institute, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. 3, No. 22, October, 1943. Manuscripts, photographs and drawings must be accompanied by return postage and are submitted at the risk of the sender.

NANCY GOT A JOB AT THE WACO AIRPLANE COMPANY.
WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU JOIN OUR COMPANY, MISS HARKNESS.
I KNOW I'M GOING TO ENJOY DEMONSTRATING WACO PLANES.

THIS IS HOW LOVE CAME INTO NANCY'S LIFE!
OH, MISS HARKNESS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET ROBERT LOVE. HE WORKS HERE, TOO.
HOW DO YOU DO?

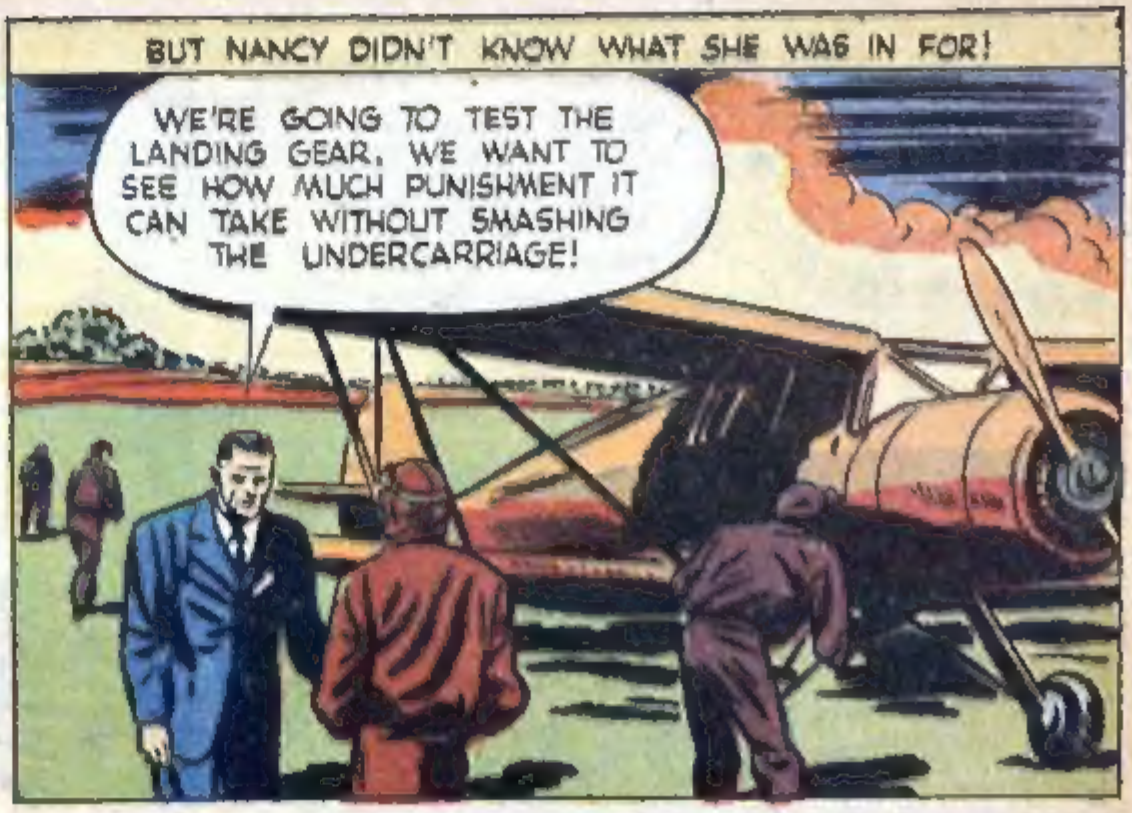
NOT LONG AFTERWARD...
GENTLEMEN, MAY I INTRODUCE MRS. LOVE!
WHY, NANCY—BOB! THIS IS WONDERFUL!
AM I GLAD I CHOSE FLYING FOR A CAREER! OTHERWISE I NEVER WOULD HAVE MET BOB!


IN 1937, AT THE CLEVELAND AIR RACES...
NANCY LOVE IS MAKING QUITE A NAME IN RACING MEETS, GWINN!
I'D LIKE HER TO WORK FOR ME DEMONSTRATING PLANES.

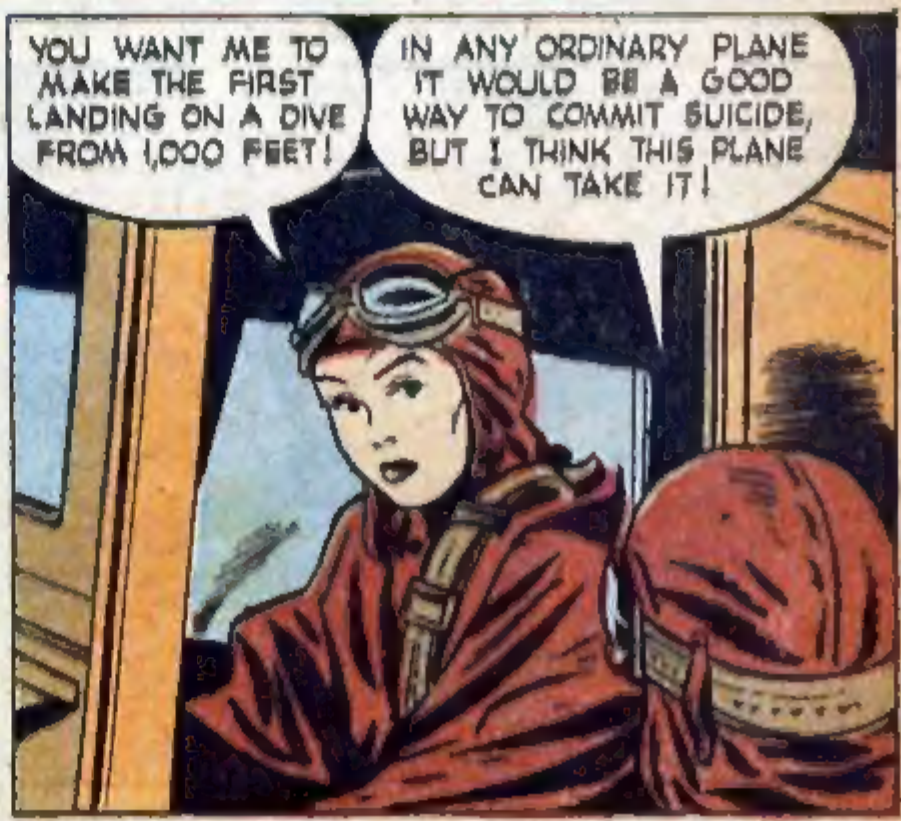
THE GREAT RACING PILOT, FRANK HAWKS, HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATING OUR NEW PLANE, BUT HE'S BEEN CALLED OUT WEST!
I THINK I CAN PUT THE GWINN PLANE THROUGH ITS PACES UNTIL HE RETURNS, MR GWINN!

THAT EVENING...
NANCY, YOU'RE CRAZY! IT'S A COMPLETELY NEW TYPE OF PLANE!
IT'S A DAREDEVIL STUNT!
BUT THE PLANES I'VE BEEN FLYING AREN'T CONVENTIONAL TYPES EITHER!

I'VE BEEN FLYING IN RACES TOO LONG TO BE AFRAID OF ANY PLANE! THE GWINN PLANE WON'T THROW ME!

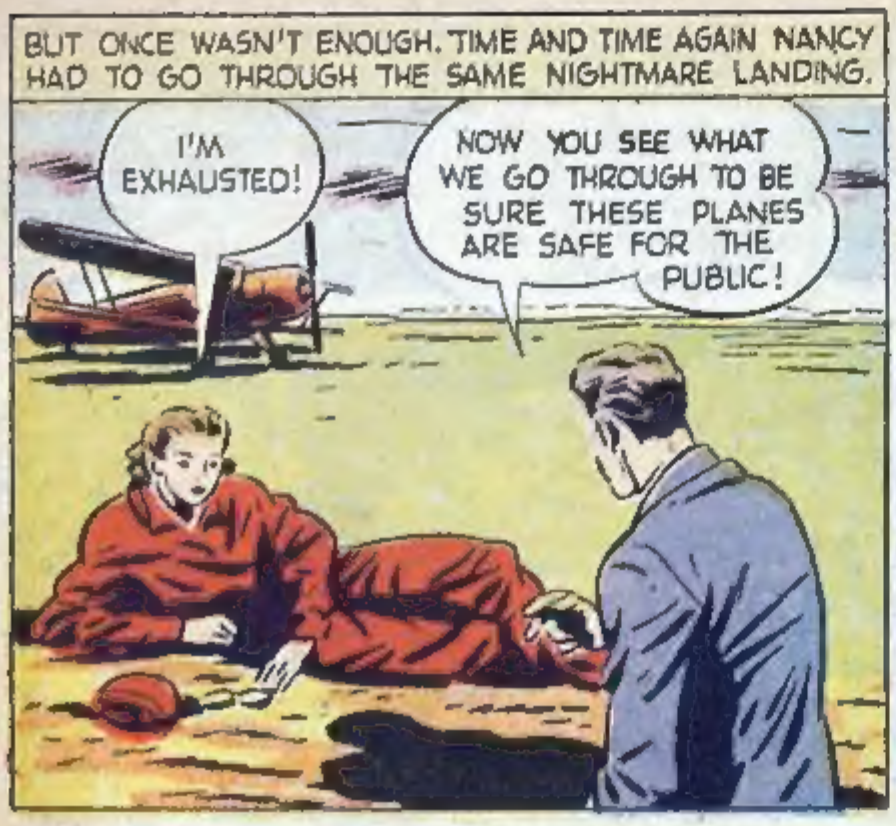

BUT NANCY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS IN FOR!
WE'RE GOING TO TEST THE LANDING GEAR. WE WANT TO SEE HOW MUCH PUNISHMENT IT CAN TAKE WITHOUT SMASHING THE UNDERCARRIAGE!

GET THE PLANE READY TO GO UP! THE AIR'S QUIETEST AT DAWN!
I WONDER IF I CAN TAKE AS MUCH PUNISHMENT AS THE PLANE CAN!

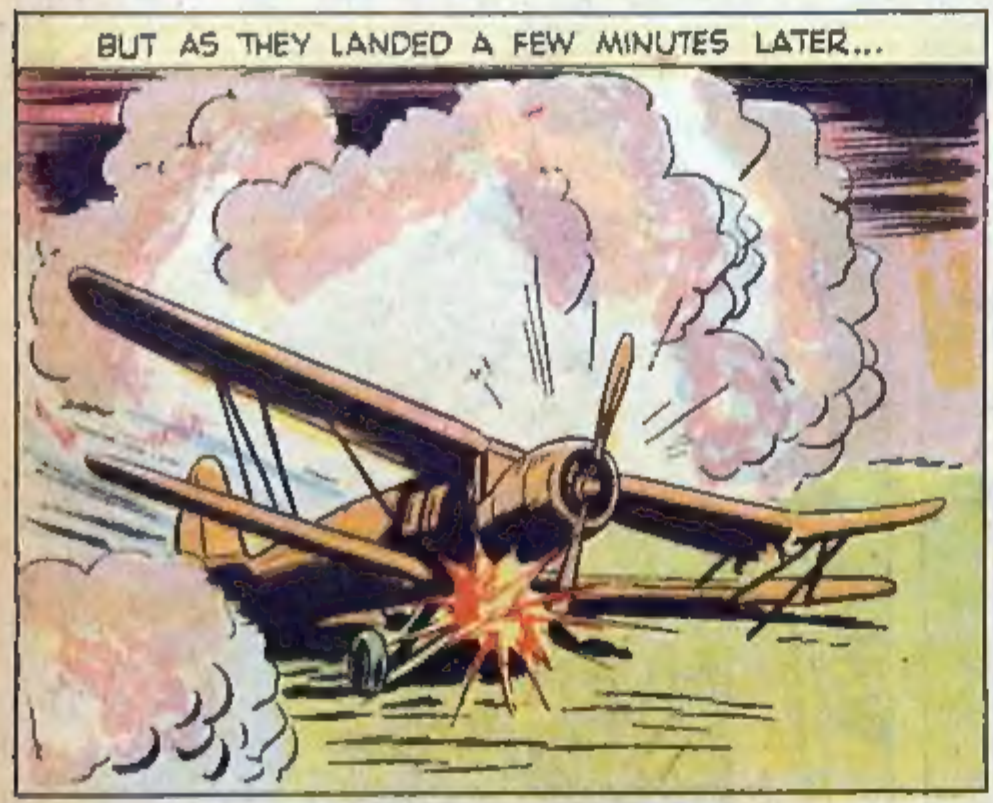

YOU WANT ME TO MAKE THE FIRST LANDING ON A DIVE FROM 1,000 FEET!
IN ANY ORDINARY PLANE IT WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO COMMIT SUICIDE, BUT I THINK THIS PLANE CAN TAKE IT!

AS THE PLANE SHOT DOWN AT 980 FEET A MINUTE...
DIVING FOR A LANDING IS AGAINST EVERYTHING I'VE LEARNED IN SEVEN YEARS OF FLYING!

THEY MADE IT!
THEY LANDED SO HARD, THE SHOCK ABSORBERS SOUNDED AS IF THEY WERE EXPLODING!


BUT ONCE WASN'T ENOUGH. TIME AND TIME AGAIN NANCY HAD TO GO THROUGH THE SAME NIGHTMARE LANDING.
I'M EXHAUSTED!
NOW YOU SEE WHAT WE GO THROUGH TO BE SURE THESE PLANES ARE SAFE FOR THE PUBLIC!

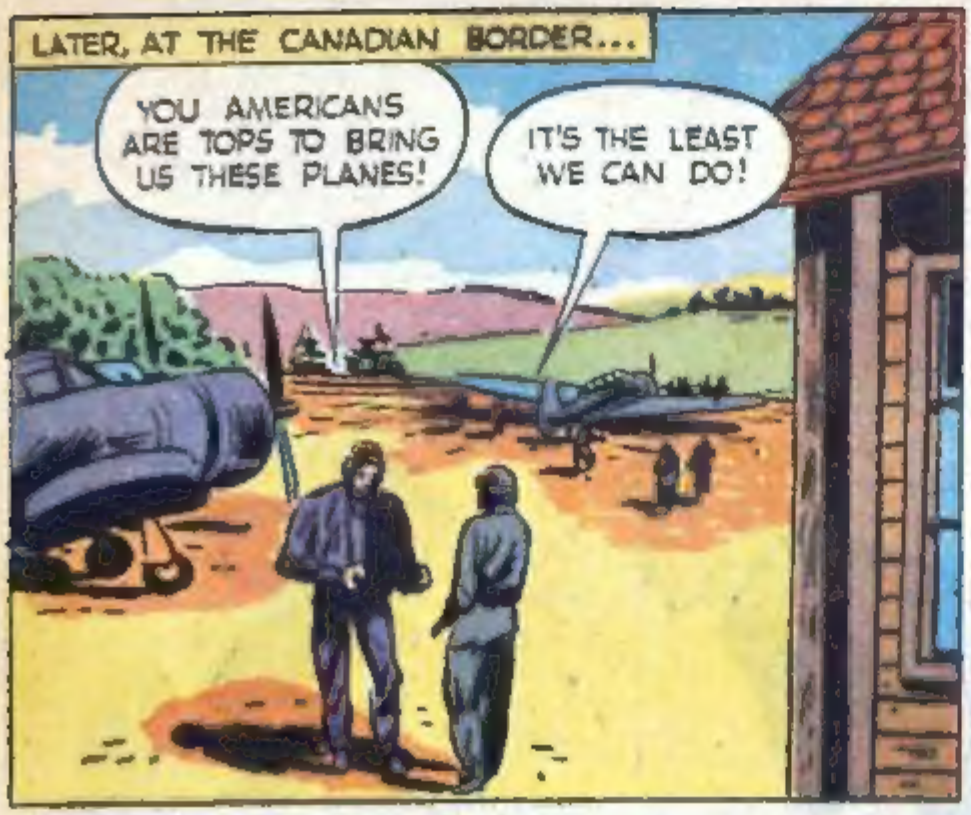
ON THE SECOND DAY, WHILE OUT FOR A PURELY PLEASURE SPIN...
HOW DID YOU FEEL ABOUT THE TESTS THIS MORNING, NANCY?
BETTER, BUT I STILL COULDN'T HELP FEELING SICK, HURTLING TOWARD EARTH. IT'LL BE NICE TO MAKE A QUIET, NORMAL LANDING TODAY!


BUT AS THEY LANDED A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOUR PLANE?
A BROKEN CASTING IN THE LANDING GEAR CAUSED THE CRASH!

IF YOU HADN'T MADE A SOFT LANDING THIS TIME, THE PLANE WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY WRECKED!
AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN — OH, MR. GWINN!

NANCY CONTINUED TO TEST PLANES FOR VARIOUS COMPANIES UNTIL ENGLAND ENTERED THE WAR IN 1939.
ENGLAND NEEDS PLANES!
BUT WE CAN'T TAKE THEM OVER BECAUSE THE UNITED STATES IS NEUTRAL!
NOBODY SAID WE COULDN'T FLY THEM TO THE CANADIAN BORDER!


LATER, AT THE CANADIAN BORDER...
YOU AMERICANS ARE TOPS TO BRING US THESE PLANES!
IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO!

AND THEN AFTER THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE WAR
NANCY, I'VE BEEN GIVEN A COMMISSION AS DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND!
THAT'S WONDERFUL, BOB! I HOPE THAT THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR WOMEN, TOO, IN THE A.T.C.!

THE ARMY AIR FORCES DEVELOPED A PLAN FOR WOMEN TO FERRY PLANES IN THIS COUNTRY, IN SEPTEMBER, 1942...
MRS. LOVE, BECAUSE OF YOUR BACKGROUND IN AVIATION, WE BELIEVE YOU WILL BE AN EXCELLENT COMMANDER OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FERRYING SQUADRON!
I HOPE I CAN LIVE UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS!

A FEW WEEKS LATER...
HOW ARE THE WAFS COMING?
MRS. LOVE IS WORKING OUT THE PLANS, BUT OF COURSE THEY'RE STILL EXPERIMENTAL! HERE COMES MRS. LOVE, NOW!

SAY, I LIKE THOSE UNIFORMS YOU DESIGNED, MRS. LOVE!
THEY'RE GOING TO BE A SNAPPY LOOKING CORPS!
WE HAVE TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN PILOTS IN THE FIRST CORPS. THEY'RE WORKING ON A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR SCHEDULE!

THAT WAS LAST FALL. NOW THE WAFS HAVE GROWN TO FOUR UNITS! NANCY HARKNESS LOVE IS PLAYING A VALUABLE ROLE AS AN EXECUTIVE ON THE STAFF OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE FERRYING DIVISION OF U.S. AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

TROUBLE AT THE TRADING POST

Jan dreamed of meeting a Canadian Mountie, but the dream turned into a nightmare!

By MAXINE SHORE and M. M. OBLINGER
Authors of "Hero of Darien" and "Knight of the Wilderness"

Angrily, Jan slapped the cartridges out of Pierre LeSeur's hands.

BUSY waiting on customers, Janet Turner didn't see the stealthy figure slip through the open door and glide silently back to a corner piled high with packing cases. When the customers left, the store settled down to its usual late afternoon quiet. Janet was tired and slipped into a chair. It was fun having temporary charge of this Canadian frontier trading post but it was hard work, too. Indians came for miles around for debt, which meant charge account in Janet's language, and Janet had to make all the entries in the big ledger. From the open shelves she'd brought down goods to display or sell. All morning she hadn't had even a moment to powder her pretty nose.

"They've certainly kept me on the jump," Jan thought.

But it was nice to know she was really doing her work well in the absence of the regular factor, or manager, Donald McLean. He'd return in another day or two. Meanwhile, she'd enjoy knowing the Indians better, she'd try to keep things straight and, especially, she must remember about Pierre LeSeur, the renegade.

"Don't sell him any ammunition," Factor McLean had warned her. "He's on the black list. A dangerous man when he has a loaded gun. Sergeant Parkes, of the Royal Mounted Police, has issued strict orders. No debt!"

"I'll be careful," Janet had said.

She'd been carrying out all of Mr. McLean's orders. So far, things had gone well. Now she sat facing the door and the view from the front window Green stretches of spruce and pine. A shimmer of white haze where Crooked Stick Lake was cupped among the hills.

"How peaceful everything is," Jan said.

It was so quiet she could hear the ticking of her watch. It was so quiet that the silence itself made a sound like heartbeats in her ear. Or was it her own heart beating?

Peace and quiet—yet something else! Jan couldn't explain it. For some reason, she didn't feel quite at ease. There was tenseness around. It seemed to be in the air.

"It's my nerves," she thought "I'm tired."

Then, suddenly, Jan caught her breath. A stir, a furtive movement near the back of the store. A box crashed to the floor. As Jan darted to her feet, Pierre LeSeur slipped out from behind the packing cases. He made straight toward the shelf where the ammunition was.

"Here—stop that!" Jan sped toward him indignantly.

The man straightened quickly, clutching a handful of 30-30 caliber cartridges. Angrily, Jan slapped them out of his hands.

Pierre grunted furiously. He seized the rifle he'd stood against the counter.

Jan's anger gave way to fright. Her heart drummed wildly. Her knees felt like wet paper. She wanted to back away from the big glaring intruder—run from the store. But she couldn't move. What was he going to do? Was the rifle loaded? Pierre might have stolen or borrowed enough ammunition for it.

Jan moistened her lips with her tongue.

"Me take," said Pierre, turning again to the box of cartridges.

"No, you don't!"

To Jan's amazement, her voice sounded loud, sharp—and brave! Pierre's big mouth dropped. Jan drew herself up haughtily to her full five feet.

"Leave this instant!" she cried. "Don't you dare come back, either, or—I'll call a Mountie!"

He went. He actually went! Her bluff had worked.

Alone, Jan sagged weakly into her chair. When the reaction finally wore off, she began setting the store to rights. She was pretty sure Pierre wouldn't be back again.

Twenty minutes later a pleasant, middle-aged squaw brought in several pairs of freshly tanned moccasins to sell. Jan exclaimed admiringly at their bright beading and soft pliant leather. The squaw beamed.

"Me make little squaw a pair," she offered. "White with winter rabbit, and red beads—you like?"

"Yes! Yes!" said Jan, thrilled.

The squaw used the credit Jan gave her to buy trade goods, a length of bright calico, two colorful handkerchiefs, some sugar, and, finally, some ammunition—for her son, she said smiling.

Going out the door, the squaw almost collided with a man coming in, John Entwhistle, schoolteacher at the English Mission.

"That was the nicest squaw," Jan told him enthusiastically. "She's promised to make me a pair of moccasins. Wasn't that friendly?"

"Very," said Mr. Entwhistle gravely. "Too bad she's married to Pierre LeSeur. Small Doe is all right when Pierre doesn't try to influence her."

Pierre LeSeur's squaw! In a flash, Jan saw she'd been tricked. Pierre had sent his wife to get the forbidden ammunition. In that awful sickening moment Jan gripped the counter. Everything was lost—she'd failed. How could she ever explain to Mr. McLean? What would Sergeant Parkes, the Mountie, do? In a nightmare picture Jan saw Pierre running amuck, a mad man with a rifle.

It mustn't happen. No, it mustn't happen. She'd made a dreadful mistake. It was all her fault. Oh, couldn't she do something—stop him! Couldn't she stop him?

"Is there anything wrong?" Mr. Entwhistle asked.

Jan turned a stricken face toward him. "Ye-yes," she gulped. "Please, Mr. Entwhistle, won't you look after the store for me? A little while. I . . ."

Jan glanced desperately toward the door. No time to tell Mr. Entwhistle now. He looked puzzled but nodded his assent.

"Of course," he added. "Run along."

Jan ran. It was more than running, really. It was flying. Her toes hardly touched the ground. Down the sun-splashed trail leading to the Cree village. Small Doe would be on that trail. She must overtake her. Every second was important.

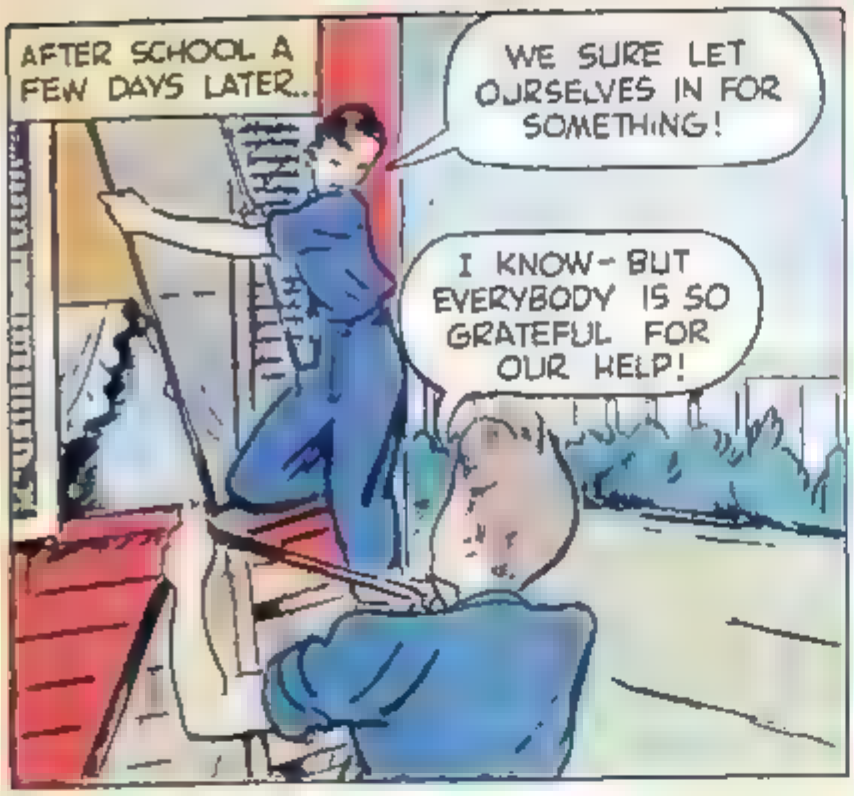
Jan was panting heavily as she reached the English Mission near the outskirts of the settle-

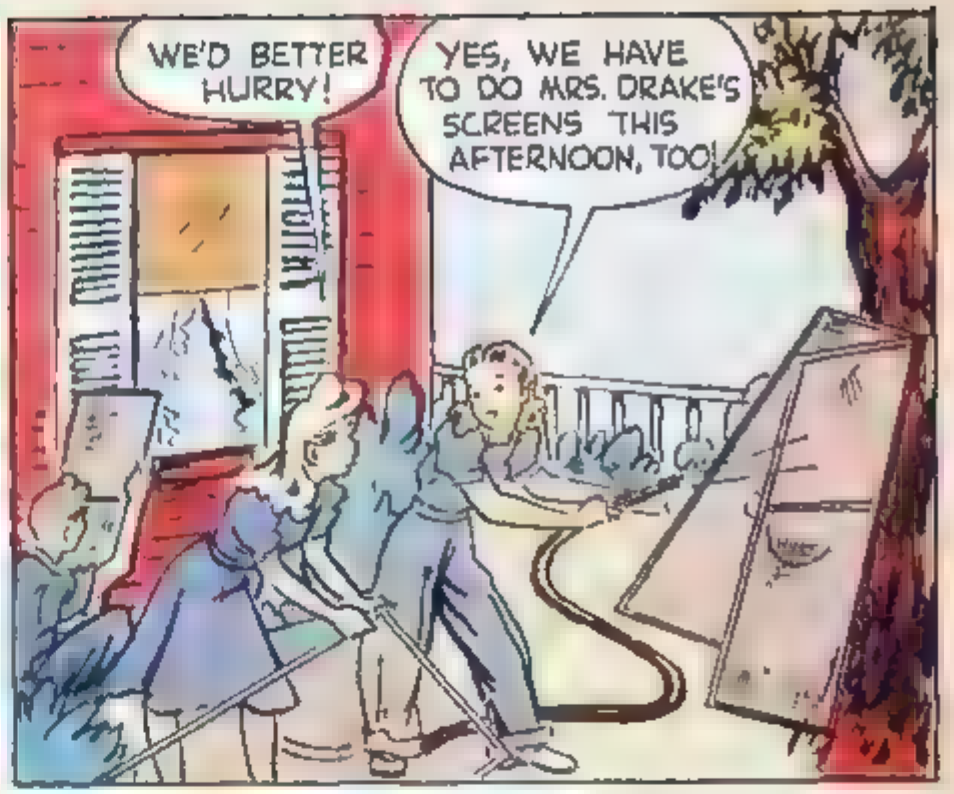
(*Continued on page 28*)

Suddenly the black stallion bucked and sent a startled Jan flying.

The VICTORY CLUB

A BLAZING SUCCESS

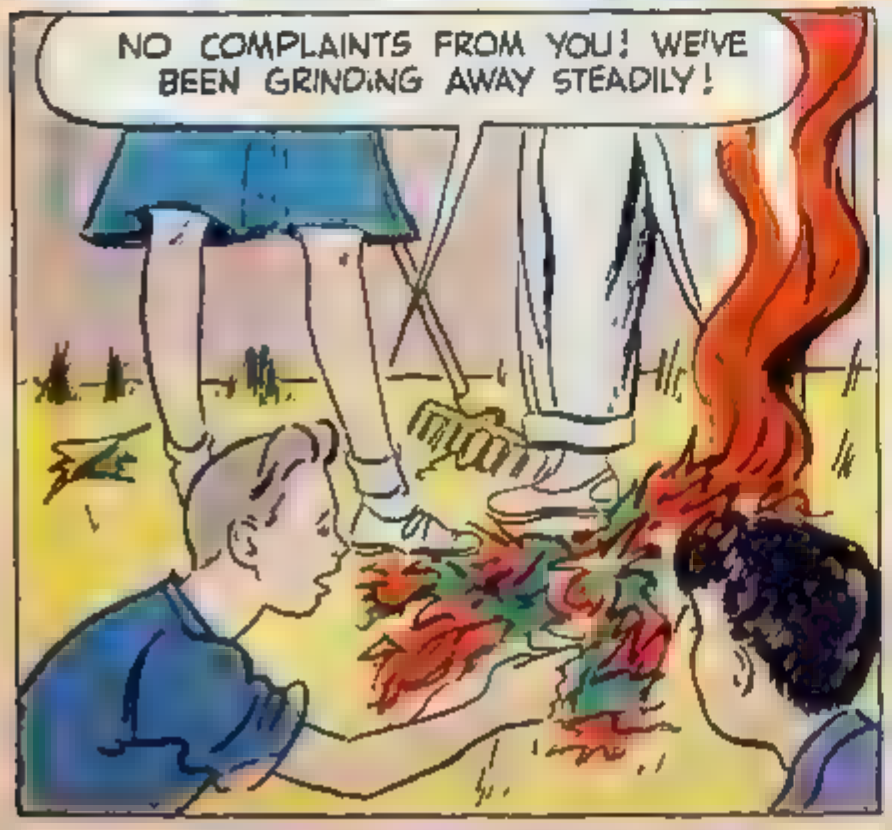

AFTER SCHOOL A FEW DAYS LATER...
WE SURE LET OURSELVES IN FOR SOMETHING!
I KNOW - BUT EVERYBODY IS SO GRATEFUL FOR OUR HELP!

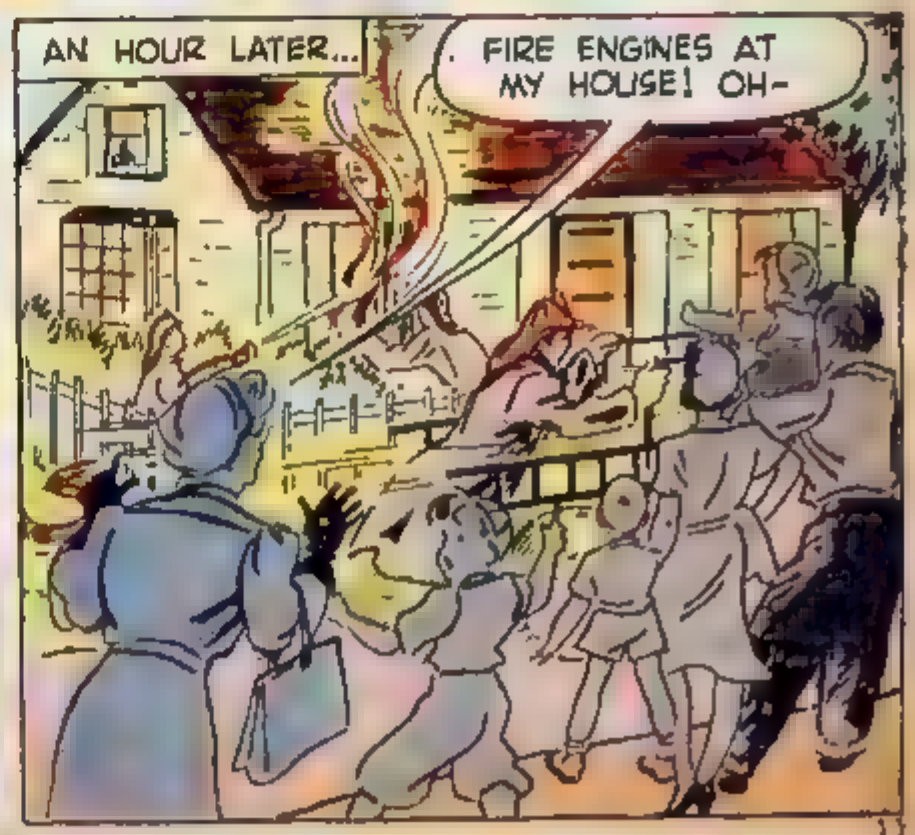

WE'D BETTER HURRY!
YES, WE HAVE TO DO MRS. DRAKE'S SCREENS THIS AFTERNOON, TOO!

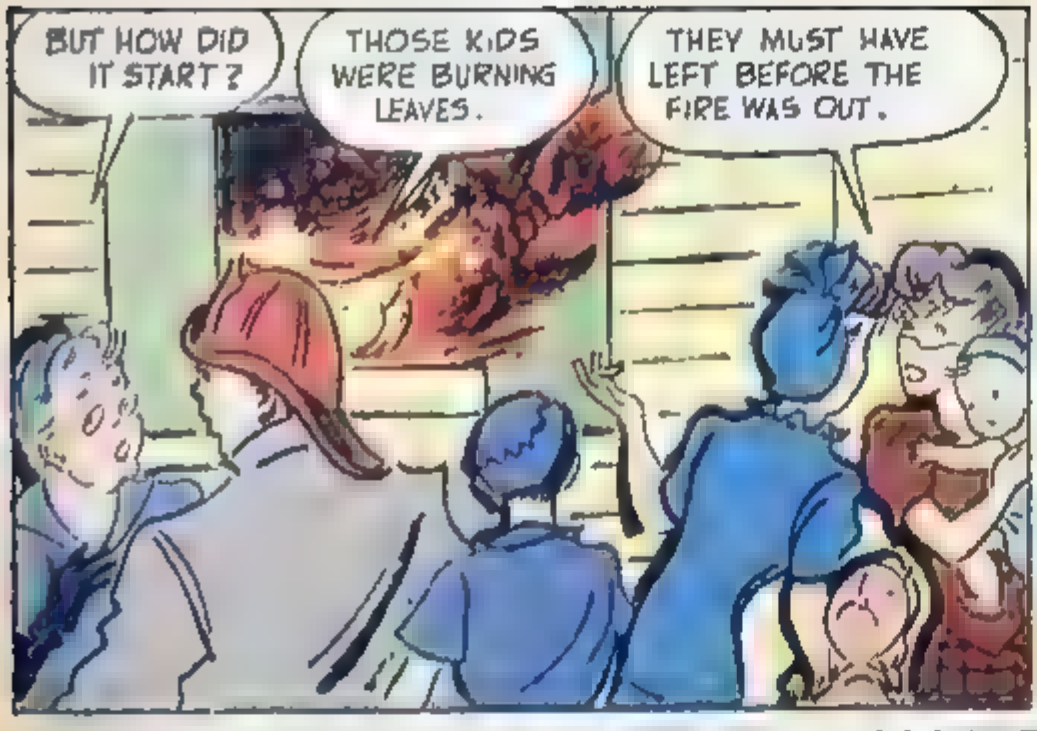
THAT AFTERNOON...
I'M WRITING MY SON IN AUSTRALIA ABOUT YOU. HE WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TO DO SUCH JOBS MYSELF!
COOKIES? GEE - THANKS!

A WEEK LATER, THE CLUB IS BUSIER THAN EVER...
SAY, LOOK HOW THAT FISH BOWL MAGNIFIES THE LETTERS IN THAT PAPER!
LET'S SEE.

YOU'RE JUST STALLING, BOYS! WE NEED HELP RAKING AND BURNING THESE LEAVES!


NO COMPLAINTS FROM YOU! WE'VE BEEN GRINDING AWAY STEADILY!


AN HOUR LATER...
FIRE ENGINES AT MY HOUSE! OH-


BUT HOW DID IT START?
THOSE KIDS WERE BURNING LEAVES.
THEY MUST HAVE LEFT BEFORE THE FIRE WAS OUT.

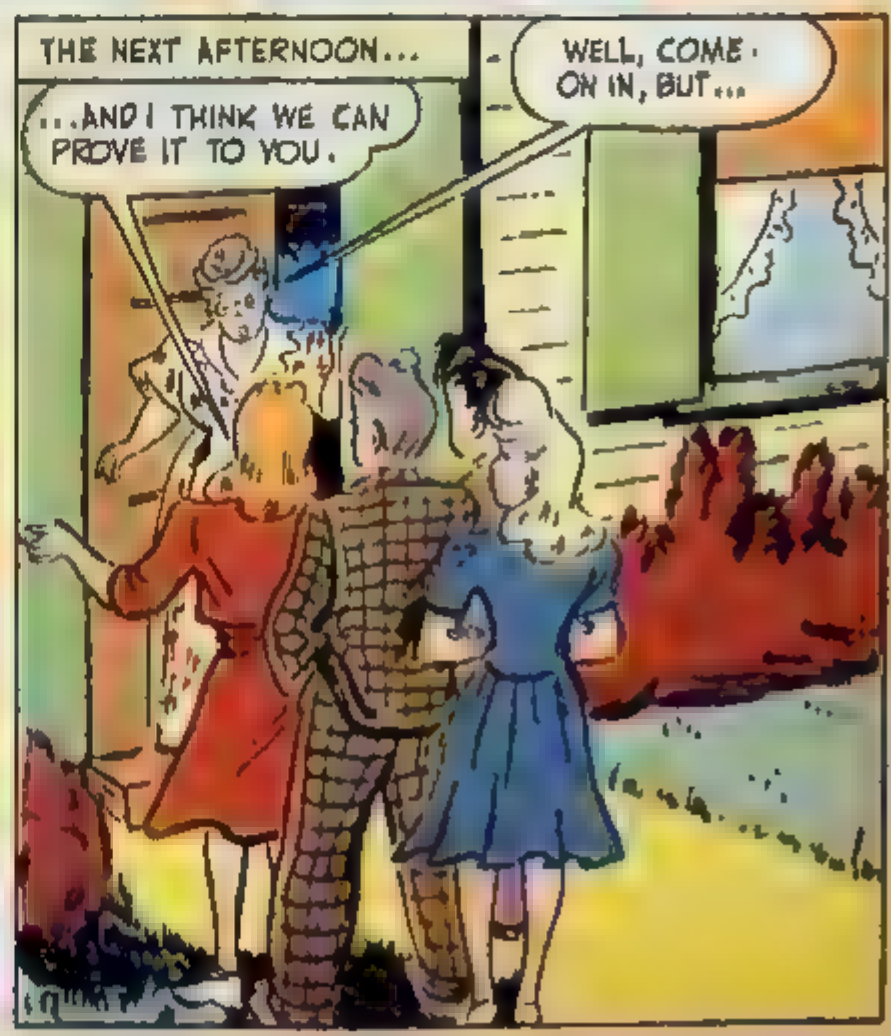
YOUNGSTERS ARE SO CARELESS! GUESS I'D BETTER CANCEL MY REQUEST FOR HELP FROM THE VICTORY CLUB.

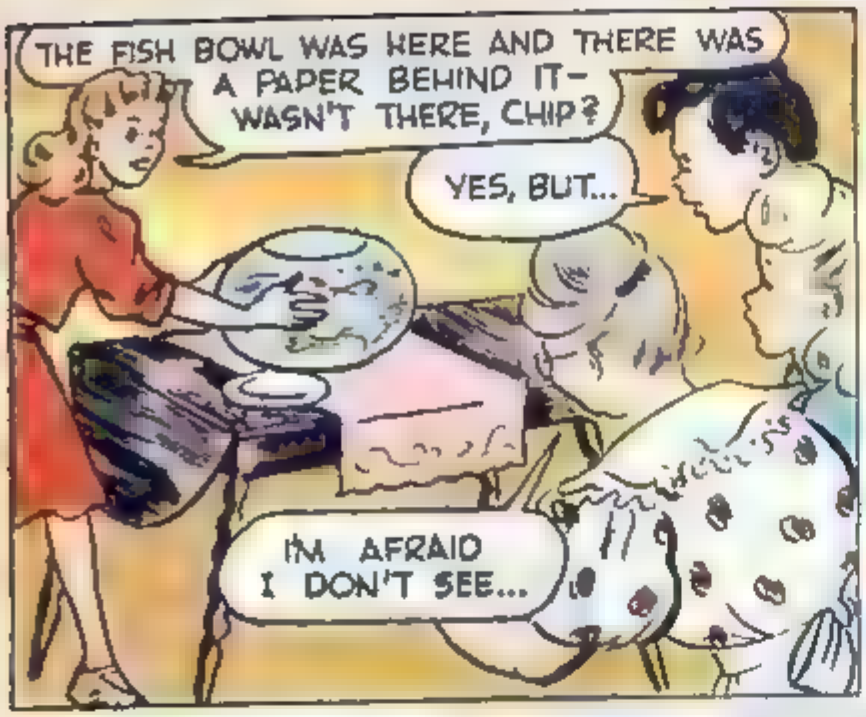
I'LL TELL THEM NOT TO COME AFTER ALL, IF THEY'RE THAT CARELESS...

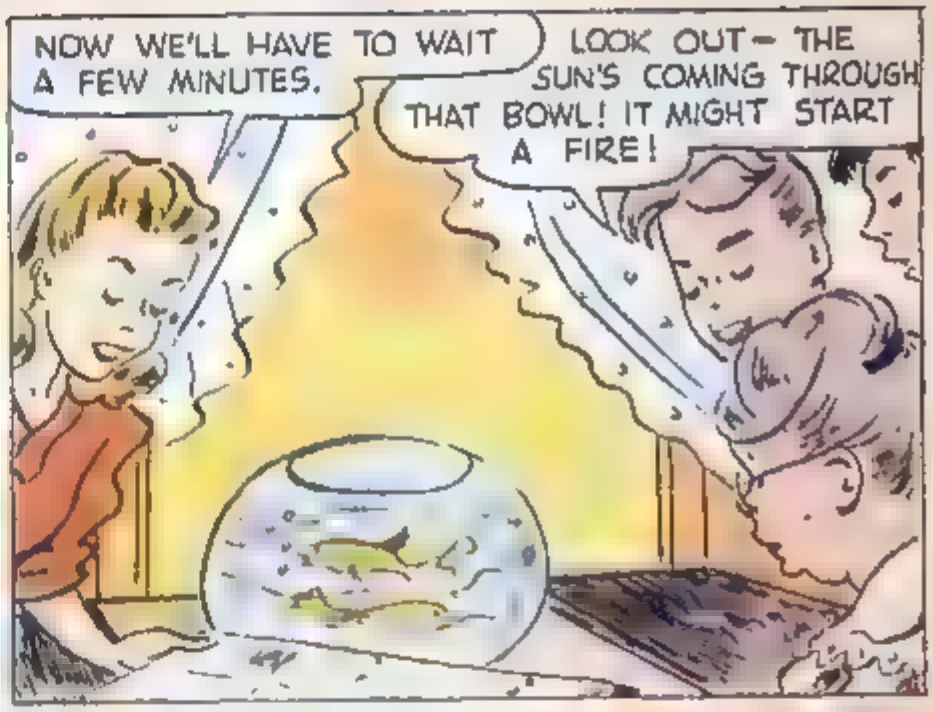
BUT WE DIDN'T START THAT FIRE.
AND THEY MAKE US FEEL LIKE CRIMINALS.
I WONDER HOW THE FIRE DID START!

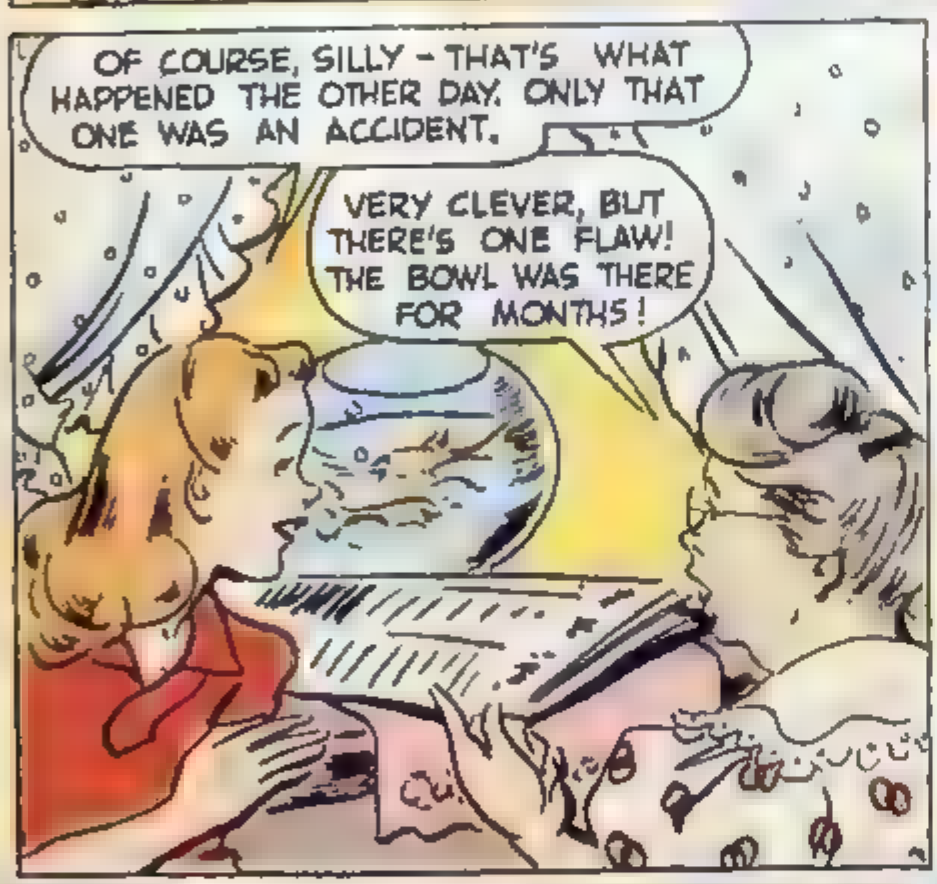
WAIT— I'VE GOT IT! WE MUST GO SEE MRS. SMITH TOMORROW—IF ONLY IT DOESN'T RAIN.

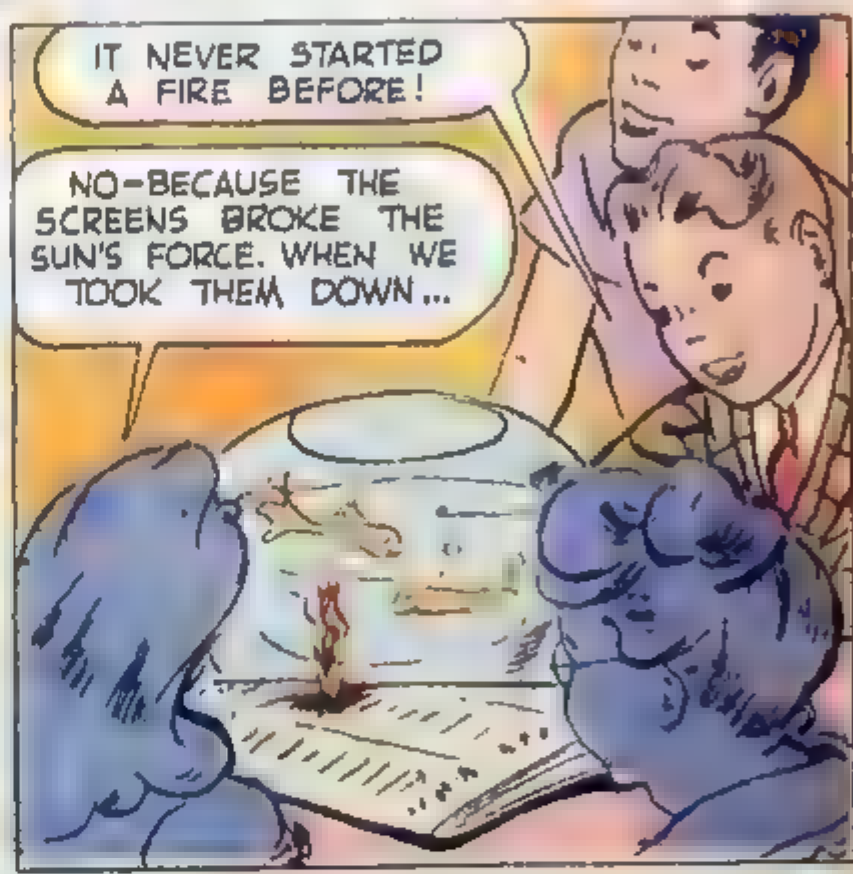
WHAT'S RAIN GOT TO DO WITH IT?
AND WHAT'S THE IDEA, ANYWAY?
NEVER MIND. JUST MEET ME THERE AT FOUR O'CLOCK.


THE NEXT AFTERNOON...
...AND I THINK WE CAN PROVE IT TO YOU.
WELL, COME ON IN, BUT...









MORE ADVENTURES OF THE VICTORY CLUB IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **CALLING ALL GIRLS.**

CHICK *learns* the HARD WAY

"Mother!" Chick cried, a little hysterically. "Mother, the tournament!"

Chick had a memory like a sieve, and an old score to settle, but she forgot her mother might have plans, too

By PATRICIA PAULL
Fourteen Years Old

CHICK PRATT ran noisily up the front steps, tennis racket in hand. The screen door slammed behind her lithe figure as she started for the kitchen. But Mrs. Pratt confronted her in the dining room.

"What about the screen door?" she said sternly, and a little wearily, as if she had said it many times before.

"Oh, gosh! I forgot!" said Chick impatiently, and promptly forgot that she had forgotten as she launched into another episode of her locally acclaimed tennis skill. This time it was a newcomer, Donald Travers, who occupied most of her conversation.

"And he's so—so sure-footed, Mother. Just positive!" Chick explained between cookies and milk

"He knows just all the tricks, though I didn't agree with his ideas on lobbing." Here Chick rambled off into a dozen technical phrases of which Mrs. Pratt knew nothing. "And I even learned some new ones!"

Chick paused, as if astonished that she had been taught something. "Now I'm fairly bursting to take Ray Miles on for a set. I'll bet I could beat him to smithereens."

It was doubtful whether Chick's mother had heard this gay boast, for at this moment she ventured, "Did you feed Topsy this morning? I notice she's been hanging around the door all day."

Chick hung her head momentarily and said again, "I forgot."

But immediately the matter was thrust aside, and without making amends to her puppy, Chick bounded out, followed by a look of disapproval from her mother.

Most of Chick's friends, like herself, were residents of the small tourist town known for its fine auto courts and cabins. But some of them were the sons and daughters of war workers who now occupied her father's "motel."

Chick had gladly adapted herself to the different teenagers who came her way. In the good old days of plenty of gasoline and tires there had been a constant stream of them. She was more than a match for

(Continued on page 38)

Girls in the NEWS

1—On her high horse. Race horses are to Susie Thornburg what hobby-horses are to most youngsters. Susie has been riding for three of her five years. The thoroughbreds at the Belmont Track, New York, are Susie's best friends and she wants to be a jockey there like her dad and her brother when she grows up.

2—Designing girls. These 15-year-old winners of the third annual sewing contest sponsored by the National Needlecraft Bureau received awards of War Bonds and a three-day trip to New York City. Mildred Ferrell, Portland, Ore., won the standard pattern division with her red and white two-piece dress. Madeline Rogers, Wichita, Kan., won the original design award with her rain cape. *Ralph Crane from Black Star Photo*

3—Gift for a namesake. To China's famous Mei-ling Soong (Madame Chiang Kai-shek) goes the gift of the Mei-ling Chapter of the Senior Camp Fire Horizon Clubs, Staten Island, N. Y. President Marjorie Holtermann, 15, hands China's first lady a portfolio containing a record of Camp Fire Girls' donations to United China Relief and money to care for two Chinese war orphans.

4—Eye to eye. Junior members of the Canadian Girl Guides take over the tedious task of threading needles at a Red Cross workroom. These Brownies know their patient threading will help speed the work of women sewers who can then turn out more garments to be sent by the Red Cross for the relief of people in war-devastated countries.

Jangos proudly hold junior nurses' aide certificates which they worked 132 hours to earn.

Jangos!

Inspired by their relatives in the armed forces, these Washington, D. C., girls found a way to serve, too

By MARY TINLEY DALY
Well-known Magazine Writer

"JANGO wanted!"

Through the long spotless corridors of the hospital the call echoes, and suddenly a girl comes hurrying to answer it. A teen-age girl in a blue jumper trimmed in red and white, a jumper with a tight bodice and full gathered skirt. Her flyaway curls are held in place by a hair net and topped with a jaunty blue cap trimmed with peppermint-stick stripes.

You wonder what such a young girl in such a gay uniform is doing inside the great hospital which houses "acute" patients—patients who are critically ill. And you wonder about the round insignia on the sleeve of her white blouse, the insignia with bold white letters spelling "Jango."

In March, 1942, a group of girls met for the first time in front of the fireplace of a Washington living room. They were the daughters and close relatives of officers in all branches of the armed services. Mrs. Robert P. Patterson, wife of the Undersecretary of War, and Mrs. Ralph Bard, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, thought these Washington, D. C., teeners would like to organize into a group to do volunteer war work. They chose as their name, the Junior Army Navy Guild Organized Services, but it wasn't long before the impressive title became just "Jangos."

The Jangos' volunteer work was well under way by May when Mrs. Fred Gardner suggested that a group of the girls work as nurses' aides in one of the Washington hospitals. Eleven girls enthusiastically volunteered and that's how the hospital unit of the Jangos started. Almost overnight, the original group of eleven grew into a group of thirty-two girls eager to begin training.

Washington's Doctors Hospital was struggling along with a shortage of trained nurses, so the idea of having junior nurses' aides was a boon. But some other hospital authorities, hearing of the plan, were inclined to be very doubtful.

"What in the world can teen-age girls do in a hospital besides clutter up the place?" they asked.

And Doctors Hospital can give them the answer. There are now 168 hospital Jangos doing a real job of relieving the strain on overworked nurses in these hectic days, and of bringing comfort to hundreds of patients. That's why Mrs. Catherine Meier, Assistant Directress of Nurses at the hospital and teacher of the girls, said, "These girls, in spite of their youth, are willing and eager to do anything to help. Their tasks are often hard and monotonous, but they never complain. They have caught the true nursing spirit—the desire to be of service."

Being a hospital Jango is no

snap! The junior nurses' aide course requires forty-four hours of theory and eighty-eight hours of practice of theory in the classroom. The girls receive an intensive course in personal hygiene and sickroom technique, with careful instruction in the proper methods of caring for the sick. For this part of the training, one of the Jangos plays the patient and, under the supervision of a registered nurse, the girls learn to bathe and feed a bed patient. At first, Jangos carry trays, fix flowers, answer telephones, and take care of countless details that give them no direct contact with patients. An exciting part of the course is the day when the girls are given white gowns and face masks so that they may observe an actual operation from the gallery of the hospital's operating theater.

When the first hospital Jangos completed their training as volunteer nurses' aides an impressive ceremony was held before a distinguished audience of Army and Navy officials, including the President's personal physician, Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy. The girls received the perky caps they wear so proudly. Those caps represent hours devoted to exacting classroom theory and practice. The caps are also a symbol of the girls' pledge to serve faithfully and willingly. Seriously the graduating Jangos took the Florence Nightingale Pledge:

> I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly: to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

The same pledge is taken by regular nurses at their graduations and it honors Florence Nightingale who did so much to make nursing an honored profession.

The certificates handed the girls show they are thoroughly trained and competent to carry on all the duties of nurses' aides.

Nurses, doctors, and patients have come to depend on the willing spirit of these red, white, and blue assistants, so that wherever in the hospital work piles up, out goes the call, "Jango wanted!"

The girl who answers the call may have to help prepare dressing trays, serve food trays and feed patients, give bed baths, bed pans, make beds for patients returning from the operating rooms, answer dumbwaiter and patients' lights, help clean utility rooms, or assist check-out maids in cleaning rooms.

The Jangos keep up with their regular high school classes and work, but they manage their schedules to include six hours a week—between four-thirty and nine—for floor duty at the hospital. They also spend from ten until two in their nurses' aide class on Saturday, and work in shifts on floor duty the rest of Saturday and all day Sunday. During their school vacations, the girls sign up for many extra hours of volunteer work. Last Christmas, in addition to their regular duties, they trimmed miniature Christmas trees and wrapped presents for every patient in the hospital. The extra hours that the Jangos put in working at the hospital this summer made it possible for the regular nurses to take vacations.

Jangos under sixteen can't give quite as much time or take the full course of instruction, but these "Juniors" are becoming more and more valuable. They save nurses thousands of steps and hours of time every day by helping with hospitalization papers, admitting and dismissing patients, fixing flowers, taking phone messages, working in the medical library, at the information desk, and in the central supply rooms. They make sterile pads, help

(*Continued on page 39*)

The Jango cap is the symbol of her pledge to serve faithfully and willingly.

Newborn babies are favorite patients and the Jangos love to dress and feed them.

One of the Jango duties that brings comfort to the sick and speeds their recovery.

THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

While they were still puzzling over the strange events on Deadwood Isle, the girls were baffled again by "The Spooks"

By ISABELLE COREY

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Jill Watson wished that she could solve the mystery of the stolen bank bonds and win the $1000 reward. But Babs Morley was more interested in Bayberry Hill's smaller robberies by "The Spooks" who stole a strange collection of items. As they discussed these unusual happenings, they were interrupted by a dirty ragamuffin, called Mike, begging for food. While the girls prepared the food he disappeared upstairs—to wash his hands, he said. Later the girls joined their friends for a picnic, and on the way stopped off at Deadwood Isle to explore a house built by the eccentric hermit, Mr. Ecks. They had been there once before at Mr. Ecks' invitation, and he had warned them then that his spirit would return to the house after his death and that they must never set foot on the island when he was gone. He had been drowned the previous spring and his body had never been recovered. But the door to the house was locked now. As they left, Jill looked back from the boat and cried, "Look! A face! Oh—it's gone!" Now go on with Chapter Three.

STARTLED, seven pairs of eyes turned toward Jill. "Who? Where?" everybody demanded.

"There is somebody in that house! I just saw a face at the window."

For a moment nobody spoke. Then Dave said, "But that's impossible. The house is empty."

Jill insisted, "It was too real to imagine. I distinctly saw a tiny brown face watching us from the window."

"He must have shrunk an awful lot," Ronnie said solemnly.

"Who?" chorused everybody.

"Mr. Ecks. He said he'd come back and haunt the house, didn't he? Well—that must have been his ghost Jill just saw."

"Oh, Ronnie, you're not serious?" Winnie gasped. "You don't really think . . ."

"What else could it be?" Although his voice was still solemn, his eyes were beginning to crinkle with laughter.

"It could have been a shadow on the window," Dave said. "Confess, Jill. That's what you saw."

Jill sensed it was useless to try to convince them. Of course she couldn't blame them for doubting her, but she knew what she had seen. That face had been too real to be mistaken for a shadow. With a sense of uneasiness she fell silent as the boat approached Cedar Island.

In spite of ghosts, the picnic was a great success. When it was over, eight weary but happy young people boarded the *Derelict* and headed homeward. As they passed Deadwood Isle the gaunt outlines of the dead trees loomed dark against the moonlit sky.

Suddenly Judy grasped Jill's arm. "Look!" she pointed to the island. "There's a light!"

Startled, Jill followed the pointing finger. Sure enough, there was a light, a small glimmer that moved with amazing rapidity. First low on the ground, then leaping into the air where it would hover for a moment or so and swing off to another spot. Sometimes it would vanish altogether only to reappear unexpectedly somewhere else.

"What is it?" Judy said.

"I don't know," Jill answered, too perplexed even to guess.

"If it didn't move around so fast, I'd say it was someone climbing trees," Joe remarked.

"Not and fly through the air like that," Babs said.

"You don't think it could be the ghost?" Judy questioned, almost hopefully.

"Of course not," Jill scoffed.

"Well, whatever it is, it doesn't bother us." Dave dismissed the subject and bent over the engine again. "Let's get on home."

Soon the gloomy island was well behind them and the *Derelict* pulled up to the Morley dock. Babs and Jill said good night to their friends and turned toward Babs' home. From the end of the dock Babs could see her house ablaze with lights.

"That's funny," she remarked. "I thought Mother and Dad were going to the movies tonight. I hope nothing is wrong," Babs added, quickening her steps. "I hope Billy's not sick."

As they entered through the side door, they could hear Mrs. Morley, her voice raised to a nervous pitch.

"Oh, Jim, why doesn't he hurry? For all we know, they may still be lurking about."

"Take it easy, Mother," Mr. Morley soothed. "Sheriff will be here any minute. Who's there?" he called out sharply as he heard the door close.

"It's us. Oh!"

Babs stopped short in the doorway, and stared at the room. Everything was topsy-turvy. The andirons were on top of the piano. A bridge lamp protruded from the fireplace. Tables and chairs were overturned. And the books from

the shelves beside the fireplace had been piled in a pyramid in the center of the floor. Crazier still, the pictures on the walls were all hanging upside down.

"Look!" Jill pointed to a large piece of dirty cardboard scrawled in crooked, red letters. "The Spooks." "They've been here!"

"Mother! Dad!" Babs rushed into the room. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, we're all right," Mr. Morley assured the girls.

Jill turned to Mrs. Morley who was sitting nervously on the edge of the couch. "When did it happen?" she asked.

"We don't know, dear. The house was like this when we got back fifteen minutes ago."

"And the sheriff won't let us move anything until he gets here," Mr. Morley joined in. "Says he wants to see the house just as the thieves left it; hopes he might find a clue that way."

"Doesn't Petunia know when you were robbed?" Jill asked.

"We'd ask her if we could find her," Mr. Morley said "She's disappeared completely. Mother thinks she's been kidnapped."

"Kidnapped! But why?" Babs demanded. "Maybe she went out."

Mrs. Morley shook her head and the lines on her forehead deepened. "You know she wouldn't leave Billy alone while we were away."

While they waited for Sheriff Tompers, Babs and Jill learned that Mr. and Mrs. Morley had returned from the movies to find the house in complete darkness with the radio turned on loud. There was no need to question what had happened when the lights were switched on.

After making sure that Billy was safe and asleep in his room, which was less disturbed than the other bedrooms, they had looked for Petunia. But she was not in her room or in the kitchen.

Afraid the thieves might have locked her in a closet, they had searched the house from attic to cellar, but no trace of her could be found. "The Spooks" had stolen several inexpensive rings and bracelets belonging to Mrs. Morley, two of her lovely chiffon negligees, all of Billy's underclothes, his favorite sport jacket made like his father's, table and bed linen, a painting, blankets from Babs' bed, a pewter vase, some pieces of silver, and a couple of sweaters. Strangely enough, no valuable jewelry or money was missing.

"Dad, don't you think Petunia might have been frightened by the burglars and run away?" Babs suggested as she listened to her father.

"She doesn't scare easily," he said doubtfully.

At this point they were interrupted by the sheriff. Without knocking or removing his hat, he entered the room, a lanky, hawk-featured, dour-looking man. It was plain from his

"Mother! Dad! Are you all right?" Babs cried as she rushed into the room followed by Jill. Everything was topsy-turvy!

manner that he wanted to get the whole business over as quickly as possible.

He flicked open his notebook and turned to Mr. Morley. "Now then, details. When did it happen? What was stolen? Who's kidnapped?"

Mr. and Mrs. Morley answered as best they could the barrage of questions which followed.

The sheriff's next demand was to see the house. Upon his return to the living room he expressed his opinion in no uncertain terms

"This confirms the idea I've had right along," he growled. "It's a gang of boys. By gad, I'll get them yet!"

Suddenly Jill remembered the Finnegans and the basket of useless articles they had received the morning following the Latimer robbery. She caught Babs' eye.

"Do you think the Finnegans will find another basket in front of their house tomorrow?" she whispered.

The sheriff overheard her. He turned from Mr. Morley:

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Oh, it's nothing much," Jill said evasively. "Someone left a basket of things on the Finnegans' doorstep the other morning. From the description Eddie gave, it sounded as if they were things stolen from the Latimers' house."

As soon as the words were out Jill wished she could have them back. The sheriff was looking for someone he could pin the robberies on. That the Finnegans were innocent she was sure, but they were poor. And poor people couldn't afford to hire lawyers. If Sheriff Tompers suspected them, they might have to.

"Oh, so the Finnegans are receiving stolen goods!" Sheriff Tompers peered intently at her over the rim of his glasses. "What did they do with these things?"

"I don't know," Jill cried indignantly. "They were things they couldn't use. But they didn't steal them. They couldn't."

"Huh," he scoffed. "That's what they say. I'll investigate them first thing in the morning." He looked down at his notebook. "Now about your maid—you say she disappeared, Mr. Morley? What makes you think so? Take any of her things?"

"Oh, no, Sheriff!" Mrs. Morley cried, surprised at the question. "Why would she?"

"Probably in league with the thieves," he answered testily. "Most likely she tipped them off. Then beat it with them."

Mr. Morley spoke gravely. "No, Sheriff, Petunia would never do a thing like that. She's been with us for fifteen years. She's always been honest and devoted. But we ought to do something about finding her. I can't quite believe she's been kidnapped, but I'm worried."

The girls stared. A foot, seemingly cut off at the ankle, wriggled in the moonlight.

Susan Says—

I AM an English girl, spending the duration of the war in Canada. I am surprised to find that 'most everyone expects me to be rather disgusted with American swing music—but I'm certainly not!

To my way of thinking, all of the amazing youth and vitality that is so prevalent in America is expressed in this modern music. America is a land of opportunity for young people—the youth of the nation has its say in everything. And it is only natural that the youth should exert much of its influence in the field of music.

When I hear an orchestra playing one of the latest "hot" numbers, I can't help thinking of the young men who are playing those instruments—giving it "everything they've got"—the way the young people of America give everything they've got to everything they undertake. So to me the music of America is a symbol of the spirit of America—and I admire them both.—By OLIVE COVERDALE, aged 15, Toronto, Ontario.

"Dad," Babs said eagerly, "did you look in the garage?"

"I just put the car up. If she'd been there, I'd have seen her."

Babs' face fell.

"Petunia may be tied up somewhere," said the sheriff. "Let's see if we can find her in the garden." And he went out followed by Mr. and Mrs. Morley.

"Let's see if we can't find Petunia ourselves," Jill suggested. "That would sort of knock the wind out of Sheriff Tompers' sails." The slip she had made about the Finnegans' anonymous basket still bothered her.

Knowing the grownups were in the back of the house, the two girls went out the front door. The sand was flooded in moonlight. No sign of Petunia near the house. Maybe she was somewhere along the beach. But in which direction?

Finally Babs settled the question by pointing to the tall salt grass between her house and the professor's.

"She might be hidden over there. Let's go look around."

"There was a witch on a broomstick and an imp of Satan," Petunia whispered, her eyes wide with fear.

Carefully they searched. But Petunia was not concealed in the grass, nor was she anywhere in that direction.

"I wonder if Dad has found her yet," Babs said in a discouraged voice. "Let's go back and find out."

"Mmm," Jill said absently. She was looking at the Latimers' bath house. It stood a short distance from their house. The doors were never locked. Anyone could have access to it.

Babs caught the expression in her friend's eyes. "Jill," she cried expectantly, "do you think . . ."

But Jill did not wait to answer. She darted across the beach, her hopes racing high. Close at her heels, Babs followed.

The door creaked on its rusty hinges. Jill had it partly open when the wind snatched the door from her grasp and flung it wide.

The girls peered inside. A beam of moonlight showed them half of the interior. The other half was in inky darkness. A foot, seemingly cut off at the ankle, wriggled and squirmed in the moonlight.

The two girls looked at each other aghast.

"Petunia!" Babs breathed. "That's her shoe."

They dashed inside.

The poor woman rolled her eyes beseechingly, for she could not talk, nor could she move. She lay on the floor, trussed and gagged.

Babs hurriedly removed the evil-looking cloth from her mouth while Jill struggled with the knots which bound her wrists and ankles.

"Petunia," Babs cried, "are you all right?"

Petunia turned her head slowly and stared at Babs. "I'm lost. I'm lost," she moaned.

"No, Petunia, you're not lost. You're in the Latimers' bath house."

But Petunia insisted she was lost. Her soul was lost, lost to the devil, she kept moaning. The devil's own had come to get her.

As though talking to a child, Jill said, "You're safe with us. We'll protect you. The thieves were only trying to scare you."

"But, Petunia, tell us what they looked like," Babs demanded. "How did you get out here?"

"The giant brought me out here. He picked me up like a baby and left me way out here in the bath house."

"Giant?" both girls exclaimed. Jill smiled inwardly as she tried to picture anybody carrying Petunia like a baby. Petunia who weighed every bit of two hundred and fifty pounds!

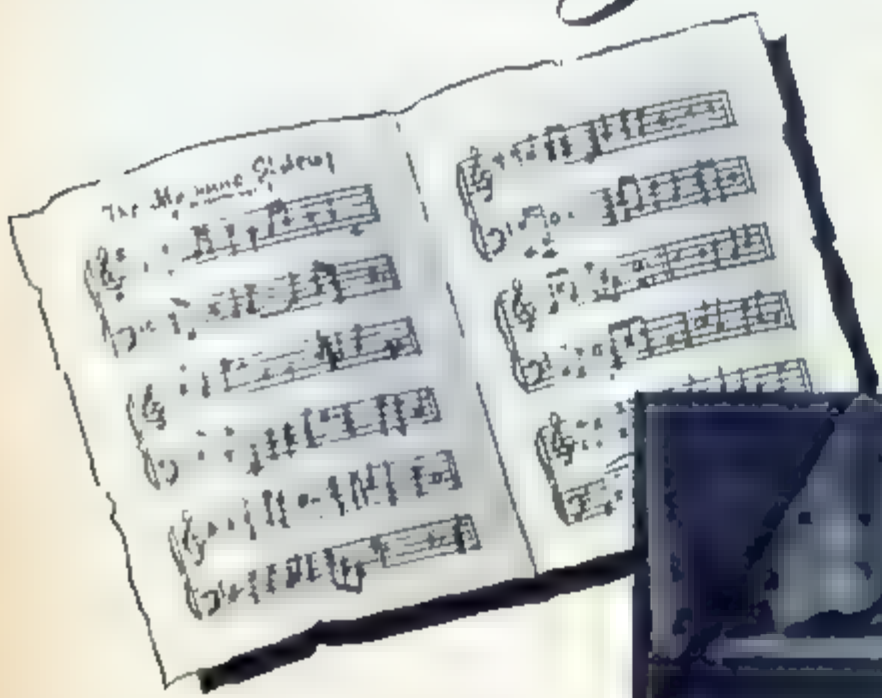
Petunia nodded. "Yes, a giant! The biggest, ugliest man . . ." Then she lowered her voice to a barely audible whisper. "And that's not all. There was a witch on a broomstick. She came up behind me all of a sudden and cackled like an old hen. Then she threw a rope around me and tied me all up. And an imp of Satan . . ." Looking up she stared wild-eyed at the girls. "A tiny little thing he be and wicked like the devil. He had the tiniest, meanest face I ever did see in all my days."

(To be continued)

Scaling New Heights

Philippa Schuyler is an accomplished composer and concert pianist, but first of all she is just a regular eleven-year-old girl

By BERYL WILLIAMS



Philippa would much rather sit at the piano and play her music than talk about it.
Samuel Epstein Photos

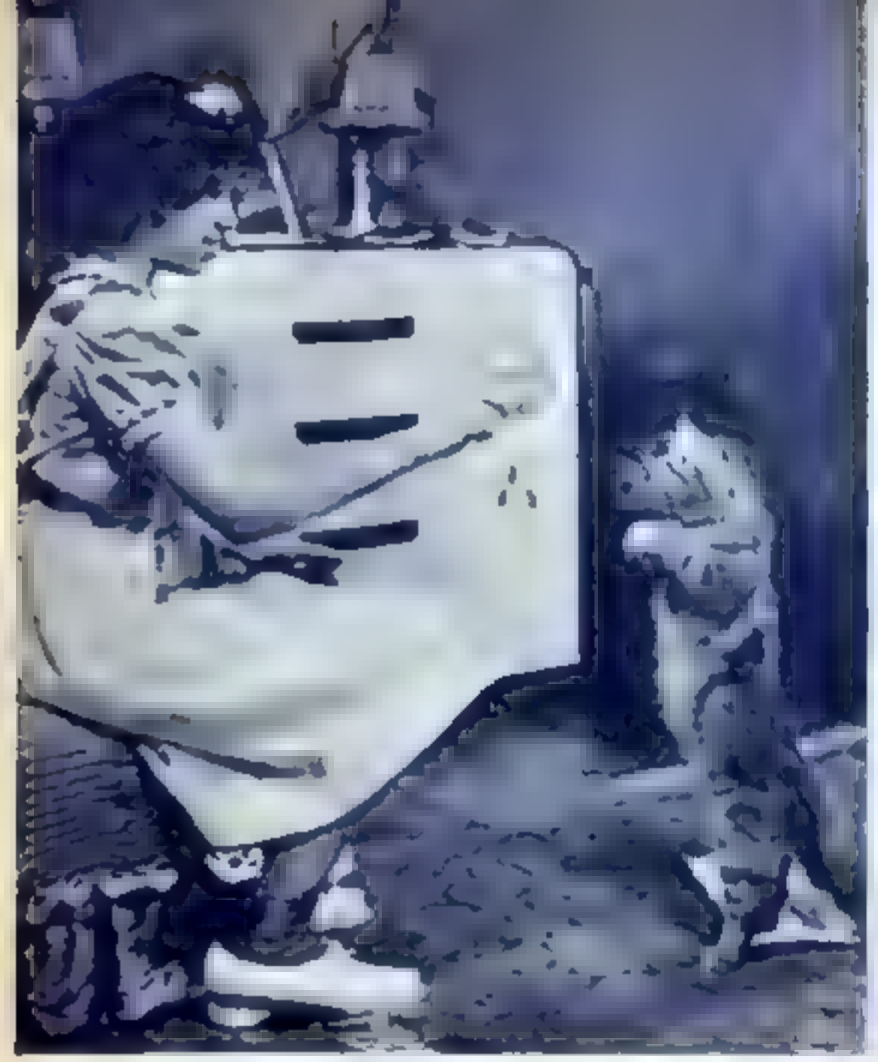
WHEN you hear a piano recital that ends in a burst of applause and a shower of flowers for the artist, do you go off by yourself when you get home and try over a glissando and a few cautious octaves? If you're like most girls, you can't help but wonder if you too haven't within yourself the special something that might lead to that sort of a career.

When Philippa Schuyler gives a concert, a great many of her more youthful hearers must have exactly that reaction —because Philippa is eleven years old, and she makes concert playing look easy.

"If she can do it," you say to yourself, "why can't I?"

And if you asked Philippa that question she probably couldn't answer it any better than you can yourself. But she could tell you that she has been studying the piano since she was two years old, and that she has worked very hard at it all that time. She has practiced and practiced and practiced. She knows that she is fortunate in having a certain natural ability, but she knows, too, that the ability isn't enough. It must be worked with constantly if it is ever to be really developed.

Although Philippa is a recognized pianist, and a composer as well, she is also and first of all a girl who is extremely proud of her kitten, her doll house, and her stamp collection. And music is one of the last things she'd be likely to mention. The kitten would probably be the first. His name is Ifrit, which is Arabian for *imp* (Philippa has always had a great fondness for *The Arabian Nights*), and it seems appropriate to the oriental splendor of his red-gold fur and his golden eyes. Philippa admits that she can't resist



Ifrit, the kitten, is extremely clever. He can sit up and beg, tap a little bell when he's hungry, and jump over a stick.

When Philippa gets an idea for a piece of music, she sits at her desk and works out the tune on a sheet of ruled paper.

spoiling him, and that—along with her father and mother—she happily gives up one of her ration points each week so that he may have the kidneys and the other delicacies he enjoys. But she's not blind to his proud arrogance. This is a poem she wrote about him not long ago:

> Ifrit, Ifrit, this is you.
> A scatter-brained kitten with a high I.Q.,
> Golden eyes, and long red tail
> Sticking up straight like a sampan sail.

She hasn't written a poem to the doll house, but she has lavished a good deal of attention on its six rooms and their tiny inhabitants. The rooms are arranged, two on a "floor," on three shelves of a closet in her bedroom. Some of the furniture has been bought ready-made, but some of it she has constructed herself out of bits of cloth and cardboard and tiny boxes. There is even a toy grand piano, just as there is a big one in the Schuyler home.

And there is a mannequin doll on which Philippa intends to practice dress designing, and her gymnasium set, and—well, altogether a good deal of time would undoubtedly slip by before the conversation swung around to music. And when it finally did, Philippa would rather play it than talk about it.

Beethoven is her favorite composer and she "loves" swing, but if you insist on talking about her own music she'll run through one of her compositions. It may be "Men at Work," which she wrote while the street in front of her apartment was being repaired by WPA workers, or "Moment in a Steel Mill," a crashingly noisy piece that creates vividly the terrifying roar and blazing furnaces of a great factory.

How does she go about composing?

"I don't go about it," Philippa says, as if she had answered that question a great many times before. "The idea just comes."

But after the idea comes? She sits down at a desk with a sheet of ruled paper and works it out. No, she doesn't go to the piano and try out each note as she hears it in her head. Like a great many other musicians, she is able to imagine the sounds so clearly that she can write them down without reference to the piano at all.

She always plays some of her own compositions at a recital. Usually the pieces chosen are arranged in chronological order, so that her hearers can appreciate the difference between the music Philippa writes today and what she wrote when she was four. (Yes—she composed as early as that.)

A typical group of compositions written between her fourth and sixth years might be her "Goldfish Tragedy," "Pinnochio," "The Arabian Suite," and "The Cockroach Ballet."

For the past year Philippa has been studying the theory of composition, and her friends and teachers are eager to see what effect this formalized study will have upon her own pieces. She is continuing her piano practice, too, of course, but she spends only two hours a day on that, now that she has other musical chores to do.

Her piano teacher is the famous Paul Wittgenstein, for whom Ravel and other great composers wrote special music for the left hand alone, after Wittgenstein lost his right arm in World War I. Philippa's admiration for him is great. She says, "He can play my pieces

(*Continued on page 38*)

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

My mother won't let me grow up, and sometimes she won't let me stay a child. When I want to go out and play with the other kids, my mother says I am too old to play and should help her. But when I want to wear make-up, go to shows with boys, or do the things other girls do, she says I am still a child and should play with the kids in our neighborhood.—B, aged 13, British Columbia.

B HAS written us about a common—and a very interesting—problem. Grownups do not always realize how confusing it is for girls to be called infants one minute and young ladies the next! It is even more confusing when parents' attitudes seem to be changing quite frequently about how much dependence or independence they expect of their children.

One mother approves of her fifteen-year-old daughter's going on a hike; another mother disapproves. A father thinks his eight-year-old daughter should be able to go to school alone; another thinks his little girl should not be permitted to do so until she is older. Both children and parents do differ, too!

Most girls are ready and willing to accept the judgment of their parents as to whether they are ready for certain experiences or not, if these judgments are the result of a reasonable and kindly discussion, if they are given some chance to express their opinions, and if they have opportunities to show that they have grown and can assume greater responsibilities.

Sometime when B and her mother are having a friendly chat, B might say frankly that she has been confused and does not really know what is expected of her and when. Parents discover many times that their children can be mature on certain occasions and very "youngish" on others. That's the way growing up happens. We hope that B's parents will help her to make good progress, so that she may learn through new and challenging experiences and also through their faith in her.

She likes to have three escorts, but the neighbors don't like the noise, she finds.

Every time I walk downtown or anywhere, three or four boys come home with me. I don't mind that, but when we get home they still insist on talking. I want to stay popular and I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. I tried asking them in, but they stay until they are practically kicked out. After a dance, we just about wake up the town with our noise. How can I say good night without being too quick and mean?—Frannie K., aged 13, Vermont.

IT is important to learn to be quiet at the right time and in the right places; and finding out about this sort of thing is a sure sign of growing up. Girls and boys in their teens can have fun without being so noisy that they "wake up the town"!

Perhaps Frannie can discuss this matter with her friends and ask their cooperation, so that they may all avoid being misunderstood in town. One does not lose one's popularity by saying gently but firmly that the hour is late and the folks are being disturbed. Frannie might make her arrangements for homecoming a little more definite when she and her friends go off on dates, so that there won't be occasion for a general get-together and endless conversations at all hours. Humor is a great aid, too, in keeping friends and yet letting them know what is required "socially."

Probably Frannie knows one or two of the boys better than the others. She might suggest to these friends that she has been somewhat troubled about the noise and possible annoyance to neighbors and would like their help in getting the whole gang to understand.

There are many ways of hurrying a good night without being "quick and mean." A determined, frank, friendly attitude toward friends will usually bring a favorable response.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Speaking Of SPOKES

Bikes are treasures to be cherished these days, and here are ways to keep yours rolling merrily along

By EMMETT MAUM
Sports Reporter

BICYCLES have really come into their own! In town and country you'll see the lucky bike owners—young and old—on the wheel. But the demand for bikes in these carless, gasless days is much greater than the supply, so if you are one of the fortunate owners of a bicycle, treat it as the treasure it is. Because once it's lost, stolen, or broken beyond repair, no amount of love or money will get you a new one and you'll probably have to walk your way until the war is over.

If you have your bike and the proper licenses (if licenses are necessary in your community), be sure you also have the necessary lock. Have you ever watched the average automobile owner leave his car? First he pulls the key out of the ignition and then he locks the door of the car. It's automatic with him and it should be with you, if you don't want yours to be the little bike that wasn't there. And when you are not riding your two-wheeled treasure, you'll stow it in the garage, the cellar, or on the porch, to keep any would-be bike owner from temptation as well as to safeguard it against rain or whatever else the elements produce.

Next in importance is a tool kit. It should be as close to your bike as your beauty kit is to you. Equip it with tire-patching materials, a small bicycle pump which will fold up conveniently and look very much like about two feet of plumber's pipe, a pair of pliers for removing small nuts, an adjustable wrench for removing the heavy nuts on the axle of the wheel or for tightening any other bolt that may be loose, and a bicycle iron for removing tires. If you don't have a real bicycle iron, you can make one easily out of an old, heavy kitchen knife. Tape the blade with adhesive so you won't cut yourself, and use the rounded end of the handle to pry the tire from the rim gently. This makes a good strong tire iron and won't puncture the tire.

It's fun to be able to fix your own flats.

There are other motorists' rules that cyclists are supposed to conform to, though you'd never guess it by watching a lot of them looping down the streets and highways. A red light is a stop light whether you are on a wheel or behind one. And signaling is just as important for those who pump up their own speed as for those who just step on the gas to get there. Your left hand held out indicates turning left and a come-on wave means you are going to turn right. Find out what the rules are where you live and use this sign language for your safety and for the safety of others. If you find it necessary to ride your bike at night, be sure it is equipped with a light on the front and a red reflector on the back so that drivers and pedestrians can see you.

If you make yourself one of those "no riders" signs that many trucks carry, you won't be bothered with people asking for lifts and so you won't be tempted to carry anyone on your handle bars. This can be dangerous and even though you are proud of the way you can maneuver your bike with extra cargo on the handle bars, avoid it as a risky skill.

Your bike tires can be as big a problem to you as your dad's car tires are to him. The shortage of rubber is acute, so take a hint and treat your tires gently. The big thing is to have the proper amount of air in them at all times. You should never carry less than twenty pounds nor more than twenty-two in your tires. So, if you keep twenty-one in them, it will be all right. It will pay you to have them checked regularly at your local service station.

A little oil takes out squeaks and prevents rust on the chain.

For safety's sake and for your tires' sake, take it easy when you apply the brake. If you brake too fast and slide the tires, you ruin valuable rubber and take a chance of somersaulting right over your handle bars. When stopping, push the pedal back until you feel the brake catching and the bicycle slowing down. In this way you gradually pull up, save tires and brake, and come to a stop safely. By practicing, you will learn exactly how to stop. Make certain that the brake arm is in place. If the brake-arm band is broken, pull the brake arm back into position and wire in place, or fasten it in position with a new band.

But in spite of all your precautions, you get a flat. How shall you handle it? It all depends on whether or not your tires have tubes. If your deflated tire has a tube and you know where the hole is, you won't even have to remove the wheel, or the tire, completely. Just slip one side of the tire off the rim with the tire iron, alongside the point where the tube is punctured. Then pull the tube out so that you can work on it.

Roughen the surface of the tube for about an inch around the puncture You can do this with a piece of perforated tin placed in most cans of tire patching, or the portion of the top of the can that has been especially prepared for this purpose. Apply a thin coat of the rubber cement, found in the tube of patching, to the roughened surface and let it dry. While it's drying, prepare the patch. If your kit contains no ready-cut patches, cut one from the sheet of patching material in the can. Cut it a size that will cover an inch beyond the puncture at any point. And be sure to round all the corners of the patch—square corners come off much too easily! Then paint the surface of the hole with another coat of rubber cement. Remove the thin linen covering on the patching material, and apply the patch to the prepared surface, stretching the patch taut as you put it on. Now roll the patch firmly down on the tire with a bottle—or any other hard round object—just as you'd roll out a piecrust with a rolling pin. To make sure that you've done a lasting job, wait at least thirty minutes after patching before inflating the tube.

After you have prepared the tube, slip it back into place. Put the side of the tire back on the rim, but be careful to avoid pinching the tube between the tire and the rim of the wheel.

If you are not certain where the hole is, you must take one side of the tire off the rim completely. Then you can examine any part of the tube you desire. If you can't locate the hole, you will have to remove the entire wheel, so that the tube can be taken off the rim, filled with air, and placed in a tub of water to find the leak. When the tube is placed in the water, bubbles will rise to the surface from the hole where air is escaping. Mark the spot with an indelible pencil. Then you will have no trouble seeing it when you begin working.

If your tires are the tubeless kind, patching is a little simpler for you. You will probably be able to find the hole by inspecting the tire carefully; but if you can't, turn the wheel in water as described above and watch for bubbles. If it's a slit, you can go to work on it just as it is. If it's a nail or tack puncture, make the hole into a short slit by cutting through it with a sharp knife.

To mend the slit, you will need brass tire-patching plugs. These are very much like a tiny pair of cymbals, fastened together through the middle by a screw. Slip one of the disks through the slit and then screw them together as tightly as you can. One of the disks will flatten itself inside the tire and one outside and as you tighten the screw, they will squeeze the tire between them and seal the hole. When the disks are tightened, break off the screw and wrap the whole patch with tire tape. You can get both tape and the brass plugs at a hardware store.

It's always a good idea when you are putting the tire back on the wheel to shellac the edge of the tire and the edge of the rim with tire shellac. The rubber in tires often dries out around the edge. When this happens, the tire has a tendency to slip around on the wheel, tear out the valve, and ruin itself in general. The tire shellac will hold it snugly in place.

And here is another helpful hint on tires: Always be sure they're straight on the wheels to insure long wear.

You may be discouraged when you find a wheel warped,

Lucky bike owners can volunteer as messengers for their patriotic service.

particularly if you have had your bike only a short time. Your best bet is to hand your bike over to a repairman for straightening. But if you want to try to do it yourself—it's a hard job but possible—here's how. To fix the warped place you need a spoke wrench—besides time and patience. The wrench fits snugly around the nipple of the spokes. And by tightening and loosening the proper spokes, the wheel can be brought back into line.

Keep the chain well oiled in order to prevent rust

Of course, the best way to extend the life of your tires and of your bike is to use it only when you must. "But," you protest, "I thought you said I could have fun with my bike, yet preserve it." Wait! You can still have loads of fun, but your riding will be essential. How? Have a bike pool or better yet form a bicycle club and call it the "Bike Brigade" or a better name you cook up yourself. Invite all of your friends to join and go to town on the idea. Let them know this is a real club, one which will be ready to help with all errands and to do patriotic service.

Instead of three of the girls going to the store separately on three different bikes, by pooling, one person can go each time and do all three errands. By rotating, you each share in the work and all your bikes are spared. Your defense officials need help in delivering messages or small packages. Air-raid wardens need volunteers to carry reports and messages. Your club can offer to help them at any time and help to serve the country. You'll be doing worth-while work and having the thrill of riding, too!

It's up to you how long your bike will last and how much service it will give you. If you are willing to spend time on its upkeep and to safeguard it with simple precautions, you'll be rolling merrily along, an object of envy to those who must walk. Routine care and first aid on the spot are what really make a difference. So, keep riding—and preserving—your bike!

Look for the fashions O.K.'ed by CALLING ALL GIRLS and featured editorially or advertised in this issue. You'll find them in the teen departments of the stores listed at the right.

Binghamton, N. Y.—Hills, McLean & Haskins
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Namm Store, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.—H. N. Cramer
Cleveland, O.—The Higbee Co.
Columbus, O.—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Evansville, Ind.—The Baby Shop
Hartford, Conn.—Brown Thomson, Inc.
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel Brothers
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale Bros.
Oakland, Cal.—Kahn Dept. Store, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.
Sioux City, Ia.—Davidson Bros. Co.
Paterson, N. J.—Quackenbush Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Berger's Dept. Store
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Inc.
Worcester, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Inc.
Youngstown, O.—Strouss Hirshberg Co.
Toronto, Canada—The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

(Continued from page 9)

ment. It was then she realized she'd never make it. The Indian woman had too good a head start. Already Jan was so tired she wanted to drop. She could scarcely catch her breath, push one foot after the other.

"Too late!" Jan almost wept.

Then she saw it: a horse, saddled, bridled, and tied to a hitching post. No time to look up the owner and politely ask permission. Jan bolted into the saddle. The next moment she was picking herself out of a thicket of saskatoon. The stallion had bucked her off!

Despairingly, Jan scrambled forward, limping, and grasped the bridle. She stroked the thick, silky mane. Something in her voice and gently caressing hands soothed him. But precious moments had been wasted. She mounted again. They were off, galloping down the winding trail toward the Cree village. If only Small Doe hadn't taken the short cut through the woods or hadn't met her rascally husband and turned over those cartridges to him.

At last, far ahead, Jan made out the figure of the trudging squaw. She cried out in relief —until she saw another figure hurrying to meet the Indian woman. Jan's heart sank. It was Pierre LeSeur!

Spurring to a wild gallop, she came alongside the squaw, then reined up short. The jolt nearly tumbled her from the saddle. Clouds of dust rose from the trail.

"Give me those cartridges—at once!" Jan ordered.

Small Doe shook her head stubbornly. "No, me buy."

Pierre was closing the distance between them. Jan had to get that fateful ammunition —fast! Small Doe tried to move around the horse, duck into the woods. Jan rode in front of her determinedly.

"None of that! Hand over those cartridges, Small Doe, or there'll be plenty big trouble."

Plenty of big trouble, yes—for her, Jan Turner! It was all her fault. Pierre was racing toward them. In no time he'd have his greedy hands on those cartridges.

Unexpectedly, Small Doe's expression underwent a queer change. She was staring at the strange insignia on the saddle of Jan's mount.

"Where you get horse?" she asked

"Never mind. From a friend."

"Friend—ugh! Here, take 'em bullets."

Coming Soon In

CALLING ALL GIRLS

A NEW POINT OF VIEW

That was what Sossy had to get across to Gabe to show him his most valuable contribution to the war.

PATTERNS FOR PARTIES

Some up-to-the-minute suggestions for sharp but simple entertainments.

TROUPING WITH THE TROOPS

The exciting adventures of four well-known movie stars in England and North Africa.

And many more features of fun, fact, and fiction which you must not miss.

Small Doe thrust the cartridges into Jan's hand, then fled grunting down the road. Bewildered, Jan looked after her. Why had Pierre's squaw changed her mind so abruptly? Why had she stared so fearfully at the markings on the saddle?

Turning her mount, Jan cantered back toward the settlement. Silly to question miracles. Enough that she had the ammunition and the danger was over. She'd be able to face the factor now with a clear conscience.

Joyfully, she reached forward and patted the stallion's sleek black neck.

"I have you to thank," she said. "I never would have been able to overtake Small Doe without your help."

Everything had worked out so well Jan laughed and tucked back a wisp of flying hair. What a wonderful country! This was the third week of her visit here and already she felt like a part of it, as if she belonged. She had been staying with the factor's family and when he went away for a few days, she had volunteered eagerly to take over the post. Working at the trading post had been a very interesting experience. Maybe she'd even have a chance to meet Sergeant Parkes, a real mounted policeman, before she returned to the States.

Then Jan jerked erect, amazement in her eyes.

"Oh!"

A man had stepped from the side of the trail to seize the reins of her horse.

"Just where do you think you're going?" he demanded.

Jan's heart skidded. A Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman! The day was complete. This must be Sergeant Ian Parkes. Nice of him to speak to her, even if he had sort of scared her, jumping out that way.

Jan smiled at him timidly. "How do you do?"

Sergeant Parkes didn't smile back. He glared back. His mouth was grim and purposeful.

"You're under arrest," he said.

Jan choked incredulously. "Wh-what? Wh-why?"

"Horse stealing."

"Oh!" gulped Jan. "Oh-h-h!" She could feel her cheeks redden, her palms grow moist. There was an awful floaty sensation in the pit of her stomach. She heard herself babbling that she'd just borrowed this horse, hadn't stolen it.

"Borrowing a mounted policeman's horse is a serious offense."

It was his stallion! The trail blurred before Jan's eyes. Dizzily, she gripped the saddle hard. She'd got out of one bad mess only to plunge into another. Horrified, she heard the

Mountie's voice ordering her to dismount.

"Get down!" he snapped. "You can consider yourself in custody, young lady."

Jan slid down miserably, biting her lips, trying to check her tears. The trail was misted over, blending into a curious tangle of trees, brush, and stumps. All the stumps seemed to be moving like a whole squad of Mounties, backing up the stern sergeant. She was arrested, in disgrace. Oh, what would Mr. McLean think of her?

Sergeant Parkes must have had the same illusion of movement in the brush, for suddenly he raised his head

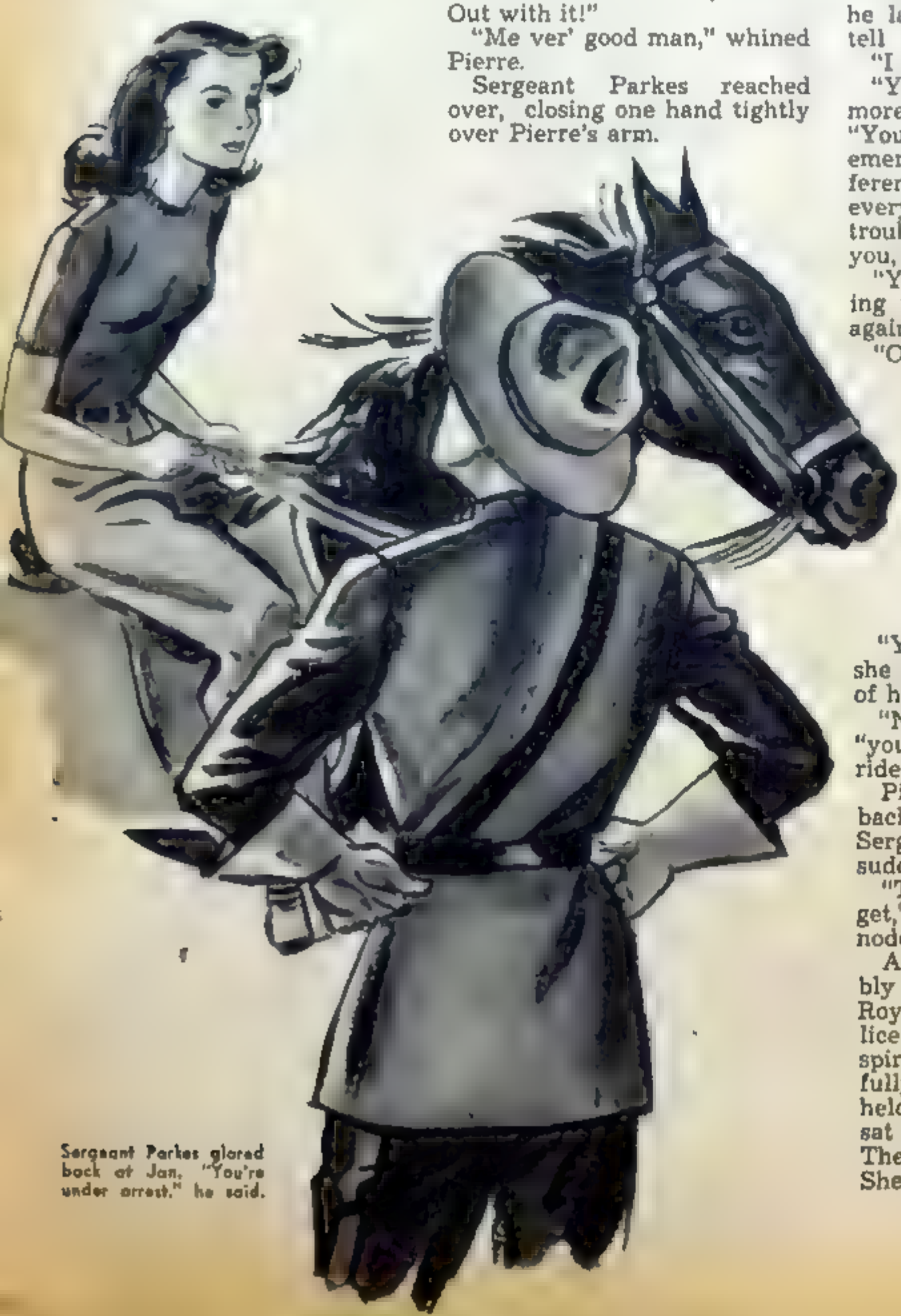
"Come out of there!" he shouted. "Pierre LeSeur, I see you skulking there. Over here to the trail—quick now!"

Pierre emerged. A different Pierre he was, shaking, shamefaced, sulky.

"What were you up to, you rascal? Some mischief, I know. Out with it!"

"Me ver' good man," whined Pierre.

Sergeant Parkes reached over, closing one hand tightly over Pierre's arm.



Sergeant Parkes glared back at Jan. "You're under arrest," he said.

"No," he said. "There's something. You look guilty. You are guilty!"

Pierre shook his head. "Not me. Little white squaw. She bad thief! My squaw buy bullets at post. This girl she come fast on horse an' steal 'em away just now."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sergeant Parkes. He turned to Jan. A flashing smile broke the sternness of his brown face. His eyes were twinkling.

"This changes everything," he laughed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was too scared."

"You needn't be scared any more," Sergeant Parkes said. "You acted promptly in an emergency. That makes a difference. You saved me—and everyone—a great deal of trouble. I'm going to commend you, not arrest you."

"You—you mean you're going to forget the—the charge against me?"

"Of course I am. Pierre might be out shooting up the whole settlement right now if it hadn't been for you."

"Oh!" said Jan.

She was suddenly very grateful, very glad. She wanted to cry. Then she wanted to laugh. Her lips were trembling when she handed him the reins.

"You'll want the horse now," she said. "Thanks for the use of him."

"No," he answered gallantly, "you must mount again and ride back to the post."

Pierre was quietly slipping back among the trees when Sergeant Parkes turned on him suddenly.

"This is the last chance you'll get," he warned sternly. Pierre nodded quickly and fled.

And Jan rode to Fort Wembly in style, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police walking beside her. The spirited stallion pranced gracefully, his black-maned head held high and on his back Jan sat erectly, her own head high. There wasn't any doubt of it. She had proved her worth.

Women in War as seen in the Movies!

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS

This war has for the first time in history enlisted women in all its branches except actual combat, and on the Russian and Chinese fronts they do actually fight. Many of you have a sister or a mother on active duty in a war factory, in the WACs, WAVES, SPARS, or Marines, or on leave home from. But what women actually do while on duty you have to get secondhand. That's where the movies do a wonderful job of letting us see women at war work. Your price of admission will be tremendous after our films have made clear the important role women are playing in war.

1 "This is the Army" is the stage-to-screen musical put on by a soldier cast that everybody has been waiting for. Because a story of Army life wouldn't be complete without the Red Cross, Joan Leslie of the movies was invited to play a Red Cross worker—and of course Ronald Reagan falls in love with her. (Warner)

2 In "Hers to Hold" Deanna Durbin is a frivolous girl who takes a job in an airplane factory in order to get her man. You can't much blame her, since the man is Joseph Cotten, an aviation supervising plane building. By Deanna learns a thing or two about war and becomes an efficient worker as well as offering an amusement to the sags, dames, and flirts in pursuit of wary Joe. (Universal)

3 The R.A.F. and the British Royal Navy cooperated in making the striking documentary film "Coastal Command," which pictures thrillingly the dangerous work of planes sinking German submarines, bombing enemy ships, and other successful assignments. But the film doesn't forget the women who work in the central room mapping these flights and recording enemy positions. (RKO)

4 Ann Baxter plays a Red Army doctor in "Bombs on Moon." George Montgomery is the American pilot who escapes with her from a German prison camp. (Fox)

5 Army nurses are always in the thick of it, but on Bataan and Corregidor constant bombing of unprotected hospitals, lack of food and supplies, make a tragic heroine of each nurse. So Woodly Wa Holt' tells the personal stories of three—Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake—in the screen's most heart-felt tribute. There's fun and tragedy in the film, and simple greatness. (Par.)

6 In "She's the Girl" Joan Leslie is a news photographer. When she meets Fred Astaire, who is a bomber pilot, he leaves an enemy of secrecy that he drops in uniform, she thinks he is shirking and tries to draft Fred into non-pilot work. (RKO)

7 Women said a camera crew and director to Fort Des Moines to make a Technicolor short film about the WAC. Here is the "awkward squad" starting on the training which will give them all the beautiful posture of these drill experts.

8 British airplane-factory workers are recruited from housewives, lawyers, architects, actresses, girls, and night-club singers, to name a few in the film "Thumbs Up." The illustration shows them having a rock-bottom sing. Brenda Jerome is the American singer whose interrupted romance with an R.A.F. pilot forms the plot. (Ter-

Make it Jell!

You can capture all the sun and sparkle and sweetness of summer in the jars of jelly you will feast on all winter

By LETTIE GAY
Food Editor

RIGHT now is the time to put up some jellies and jams against those cold winter days when you'll be as hungry as twin bears.

Apple is the easiest jelly to make, but if you know what's what you can also make grape, plum, and other fruit jellies. The trick is to know which fruits contain that jelly-making substance known as pectin without which your jelly is all drip and no wiggle. Plums, apples, crab apples, quince, blueberries, and blackberries are all likely jellies if the fruits are not too ripe.

Bottled pectin or powdered pectin bought in grocery stores will make beautiful jelly out of any fruit juice at all with no slips if you follow directions carefully. This product turns out more glasses of jelly from the same amount of fruit juice. Pectin is a good short cut, but it is nice to know how to make jelly without it, too. So here's grape jelly without.

Nancy has always been the chief grape-jelly maker in our family. She started making jelly when she was only six. Then, of course, she needed constant supervision and a great deal of help. But when she was ten she learned to do the whole operation, from picking the half-ripe grapes from the vine to covering the final glass of clear jelly with paraffin.

First of all, you need a pan in which to cook the grapes and boil the juice. It can be aluminum or enameled, but it must have a level, flat bottom. It should be approximately 8 inches in diameter and 4 or 5 inches deep.

After the fruit is cooked you are going to need a jelly bag for dripping the juice. You can improvise one from a large sieve or colander lined with a clean piece of flannelette or several layers of clean cheesecloth. Put the colander or sieve across the top of a deep pan.

The jelly will slide out much better if you use jars which flare slightly at the top. The important thing about jelly glasses, really, is to have them soapsudsy clean and then sterilize them by boiling in clear water for at least ten minutes.

Whether or not you have metal covers for the jelly glasses, you will need paraffin to seal the jelly surface against mold. Have a small saucepan to melt the paraffin in.

Start small. You may want to fill the preserve shelf, but don't try to do it all in one day. For one thing, you get tired and then you are apt to spill. For another thing, the texture of jelly is better if you don't boil up more than a quart of juice at a time.

But before the juice comes the fruit. If you are buying grapes, start with a small basket of them weighing five to six pounds. And if you must buy ripe grapes, also get one or two tart apples to cook with them. Pick the grapes from the stems. Wash them in cold water. Now put the washed, stemmed grapes (and one or two apples cut up in eighths, skin and all, if the grapes are too ripe) in the flat-bottomed pan and add about ¼ cup water, hot or cold. Heat over a low flame until the juice begins to run from the grapes; then you can increase the heat. As the grapes begin to steam, crush them with a potato masher or a large spoon. This makes the skins burst and helps to bring out the juice. After about 5 minutes, the grapes should be quite soft. Cook them just long enough to soften them and heat through, for overcooking the fruit may cause tough jelly.

Now pour the hot fruit into the jelly bag, with a large bowl or pan underneath to catch the drip. The bag must be adjusted high enough so that it will not soon be standing in a pool of juice. Have your jelly drip in a quiet, dust-free place. It's a temptation to give the jelly bag a good hard squeeze. But don't. You are apt to squeeze out some solid matter and so have some sediment in the juice

When the juice is dripped, measure it into the flat-bottomed pan. Heat the juice and let it boil for 5 minutes. Then add the sugar in the following proportion: 3 cups of sugar to 4 cups of juice (this amount of juice and sugar will make 8 small glasses of jelly). Stir the mixture with a long-handled spoon just until the sugar is dissolved and then let the syrup boil for from 10 to 25 minutes. You can learn to test the syrup and develop good jelly judgment. To test the jelly, put a spoonful of the syrup on a cool saucer and place it in the refrigerator. Then stick your finger in it after 2 or 3 minutes. If the syrup merely wrinkles on the cool plate, it needs a little more cooking. If it quivers and feels jelly-ish, it has been boiling long enough.

Pour the boiling hot jelly into the sterilized jelly glasses. If the glasses have cooled off since you sterilized them, place a silver spoon in each one before adding the hot syrup to prevent the glass from cracking.

As soon as possible, while the jelly is still hot, pour smoking-hot paraffin over it to protect it from mold and dust. The sooner the paraffin is added, the cleaner the jelly. Store in a cool, dark cupboard.

A little jelly is a good idea. Too much jelly is not patriotic while sugar is fairly scarce. So make it carefully, and you'll have plenty of reason for pride in a really sparkling success.

For a leaflet telling how to make grape butter from the fruit pulp and giving recipes for grape juice and for various fruit jellies send stamped, addressed envelope to the Junior Housekeeping Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y.

Have a Coca-Cola = Saludos, Amiga

(GREETINGS, FRIEND)

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

. . . from Minnesota to Mexico

Down Mexico way you'll hear a new kind of *saludo*. It's *Have a "Coke"*. It means "Howdy, neighbor" from Terre Haute to Tampico. All over the globe Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*—has become the symbol of welcome between friendly-minded folks.

—the global high-sign

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What's wrong with this picture? The artist didn't make any mistakes, but the characters got out of hand.

You're Not in a Class by Yourself

And if you keep remembering that, you'll get off to a flying start and insure for yourself a promising new school year

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

SCHOOL is *your* business, and how good are you at your job? Business people, factory workers, farmers, and all the men and women in the armed forces work on schedules and they know how important it is to keep those schedules. How about you? Do you get to school and to class on time? No SPAR or WAVE would dream of arriving at class unprepared. Do you arrive with your assignments carried out fully? Yes, you're in business. The business of learning to take your place in the world. Are you a going concern or will you emerge from your training period a bankrupt?

No matter from what angle you study the situation, you see that all the rules that hold in the world of grownups apply to you at school, except that you are allowed a greater margin for error because you are still in the amateur class. At your disposal are a school building, books, equipment. Do you use or abuse them? Do you always remember that school supplies don't grow on trees and that after you've graduated other students will have to struggle over the torn books and broken lab and home economics equipment you handled carelessly? You don't have to scrub the "decks" yourself the way the WAVES do, or "police" the grounds, army fashion, but take a tip from their shining barracks, classrooms, and offices and start a campaign against scratched desks, scrawled walls, littered halls, and trampled campus.

School is your first big experiment in living, in getting along with other people. If you learn the ropes thoroughly in this experimental stage, you'll find the going easier when the great day comes and you're out on your own. There's no magic trick to it. Smooth maneuvering with girls and boys and adults who come your way just takes the realization that it's a day-to-day job of being part of something big. You've heard a lot about the crew of a Flying Fortress or of a submarine. Each person is vitally important and must do his job thoroughly and well if there is to be a perfectly functioning whole. School works the same way, except that you're not playing for life or death stakes. What greases the wheels are the little considerate gestures.

When there are about thirty people in a room, opening or closing a window must depend on the comfort of the majority. And choosing a desk can't be a question of your whim alone. Have a heart for Johnnie's bad eyes and Shirley's pint size. What's comfortable for you plus twenty-nine others is what counts. Hopping up and down in your seat, waving your hand wildly, banging your books, sharpening your pencil in the middle of class—all these disturbances make it necessary for the teacher to become unpleasant (hard on her as well as you) and make it difficult for the pupils to absorb what she's saying to them.

Sometimes it's hard to resist

the temptation of whispering the latest school gossip to Rosalie who sits next to you, but the whisper means that neither you nor Rosalie hears what the teacher is saying and that both the teacher and the rest of the class are distracted.

Maybe you are the new student at school and you face with dread the prospect of making new friends and meeting new teachers. But into the building you go, and you are a kind of good-will ambassador, because by the way you act, your new classmates and teachers will judge your family and the school you came from. On the other hand, you have a shiny new leaf before you and it's a challenge and a promise. If you try to fall in line with the way things are done in the new school, if you have a pleasant, cooperative manner, if you meet others halfway, you'll come out on top of the heap. It's a smart idea to tread gently when you are new. Don't jump to conclusions about the place or the people in it, or try to be an old-timer in one easy lesson. Being overeager can be just as damaging as being indifferent. It's all right to tell your new friends about the school you came from and your friends and activities there, but you mustn't slip into a tone that seems to say, "We knew how to get things done much better than you do." They'll want to get ideas from you, but they won't like being told that they are inferior.

If you are going back to familiar faces and places, keep an eagle eye peeled for newcomers and give them the break you'd like to get. Introduce yourself to new classmates and take them on tours of the school. Tell them a little about the traditions of your school and help them get started.

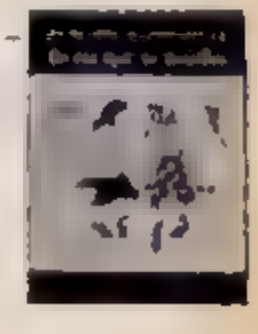
During the summer, you must have thought about the school year you completed and you probably realized what mistakes you made. Now you can go ahead with the knowledge that you probably won't make those mistakes again. The main thing to remember is: You're not in a class by yourself!

You may be losing out on the fun—the companionship—confidence—every girl should have! Just because of misinformation about what's taboo on "difficult" days!

Find out for *sure* (and for free) just what to do and not to do at "certain" times. It's all in the new, young minded booklet, "As One Girl To Another."

This fact-crammed handbook advises you about bathing, dancing, swimming, sports. Sets you right on social contacts; mental attitude. Improves your poise. And besides answering your intimate questions, it provides you with a special calendar to help you keep tab on your periods—and plan your "doings" accordingly.

So get *your* copy, quick! Mail the coupon, and "As One Girl To Another" is yours—for *free*—from the makers of Kotex Sanitary Napkins!



FREE! Write in your name and address and mail to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. CG-10, Chicago. A copy of "As One Girl To Another" will be sent postpaid and free.

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LOOKING SLIGHTLY FROWZY?

Don't let your appearance rating keep dropping with the thermometer, now that fall is on its way!

By ELIZABETH HAWES
Author of "Good Grooming" and "Fashion Is Spinach"

"Ye gods!" Suzy thought "I look just like a female scarecrow."

THE end of summer found Suzy in a very dilapidated condition. The boys had all been off to work on farms, and she'd stayed home to weed in her own garden. She hadn't had a date since she could remember. She also hadn't looked at herself in a mirror for two months. Why bother? In a dim way she realized school was about to start. So what? Her mother suggested she get out her fall clothes and look them over. Suzy yawned and went off to the movies. She watched Rita Hayworth have an exciting time on the screen and shambled out of the theater. Two things happened at that point. Joe Doakes bumped into her, said "Excuse me," formally, and then said, "Oh—it's you. I didn't recognize you, Suzy. How are you? What've you been doing all summer?"

At that moment Suzy caught sight of herself in a full-length mirror in the theater lobby. "I've—I've—oh, nothing much," she gulped. "Ye gods!" she added to herself. "I look like a regular female scarecrow."

When Suzy got home her mother said, "You look awful, Suzy. Are you feeling sick?"

"Maybe I am sick," Suzy replied, looking thoughtfully in the mirror.

So she went off to the doctor and had a thorough physical exam. She remembered last year in January how she'd got oddly sallow and it turned out she was anemic. This time the doctor said she was in fine shape, okay to start school. Suzy felt rather disappointed. She surveyed herself in several shop windows on the way home and shuddered.

"If mother would let me use make-up and I could get a permanent and a pink woolly sweater like Jane's," said Suzy, "maybe I'd brace up." Her mouth turned down at the corners and she went home and had a good cry.

Just to cut a long story short, Suzy was a dope. All she had to do was:

1. *Discuss* (not scream about) the make-up situation with her mother, and maybe reach a compromise on some make-up for dress-up occasions. Also reflect that Ingrid Bergman is a big movie success and uses no make-up at all in private life! The secret is a clear, glowing complexion. Suzy would make it clear by proper diet and thorough cleansing. And she'd make it glow by getting enough outdoor exercise and rest.

2. Be checked by the doctor—and be glad she was okay. Or start fixing anything which was wrong.

3. Start pulling in her tummy so her head would go up, her chin and tummy in, and her shoulders back. (We went into that in detail in the last issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.)

4. Get out her soap, or whatever preparation she washed her hair with, and have a

A little attention will give last year's clothes a new lease on life.

Patience, time, and a dash of imagination equal one new hair-do.

good shampoo. Then—brush, brush, brush—day after day, until that sun-dried look went out of her hair and the natural oil made it sleek and glossy.

5. Forget the permanent she couldn't afford and either get her hair cut in some simple way which would stay in place through rain and shine, or spend a few hours trying braids, ribbons, and combs until she discovered how her hair wanted to stay neat and attractive.

6. Start cleaning her nails with a bit of soapy cotton on an orange stick instead of scrubbing the dirt out with a stiff brush and breaking all the skin under the nail so the grime stayed in the cracks. Religiously rub some oil around her nails night and morning until the hangnails disappeared instead of hacking them off with scissors and making them worse at every cut.

7. Pull herself together and get out her last year's clothes. Try them on. Pinch them in here and let them out there. Get a couple of new belts. Knit herself a pink sweater and a blue cap.

During this burst of activity, the corners of Suzy's mouth would just naturally have started turning up as the rest of her stopped drooping. One day she would find herself being run after by Joe Doakes instead of being run away from. Because, no kidding, it isn't the permanent or the heavy make-up or the new clothes that get your Joe. It's the light in your eye, the spring in your step, and that heart-warming smile

Which reminds me. Don't forget to brush your teeth—and visit the dentist as well as the doctor! Maybe it's because it's so easy to get and keep yourself in shape that most gals just seem to miss up on it!

Maybe you are still thinking that Suzy was right about the permanent, make-up, and new clothes? Suzy still would not have been a glamour puss because (1) a permanent wave is not a permanent hair-do and if you can't manage hair without a permanent, you can't do much with one; (2) make-up doesn't cover a bad or neglected complexion; and (3) if you can't do right by old clothes, the new ones wouldn't fare much better. It all boils down to learning first things first!

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SCALING NEW HEIGHTS

(Continued from page 23)

better than I can with two hands." And he laughingly tells her that she is the "musical great-granddaughter of Beethoven," because Beethoven taught Czerny, Czerny taught Theodor Leschetizky, Leschetizky taught Wittgenstein who is now teaching Philippa.

Her home, opposite City College on Convent Avenue in New York City, is a pleasant testimony to the lively and varied interests of the Schuylers. On the walls of every room are paintings by Mrs. Schuyler. And everywhere there are books—Philippa's father is a well-known writer, her mother reviews books, and the whole family reads constantly.

Philippa was reading the recent biography of the Negro scientist, George Washington Carver, when this interview took place. She is a mystery story fan. She likes magazines, especially CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Her concerts—they are always benefit performances—have taken her all over the country, but she carries her books along when she goes on a trip and always manages to pass her school examinations in spite of the occasional absences. She is now a sophomore in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Her favorite subjects are general science and studying and singing Gregorian chants.

She has won prizes in the contests conducted by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society each year since she was five. (This year as Rudolph Ganz handed her her special award for a scrapbook on South American musicians, he assured the rest of the contestants that Philippa would not be allowed to enter the contest again—she was becoming unfair competition.) She has appeared on the radio and as the soloist with large orchestras.

But Philippa says that eleven is a very "mediocre age."

"Nothing ever happens to an eleven-year-old girl," she insists. And she hopes that the teens will be more glamorous.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

JANGOS!

(Continued from page 17)

in the diet kitchen and at the administrative desk. Their willing hands help lighten the burden in a very crowded hospital.

Mrs Gardner, who first suggested hospital work, is still sponsor of the group and acts as the girls' adviser. But the girls themselves take the responsibility of assigning hours of duty, providing Jango substitutes when someone is absent, and making and keeping rules. For instance, if a girl appears for duty without a hair net, she can expect to be tapped on the shoulder by a fellow Jango and to hear a whispered, "Say, there's a drugstore next door where they sell hair nets. Want a dime?"

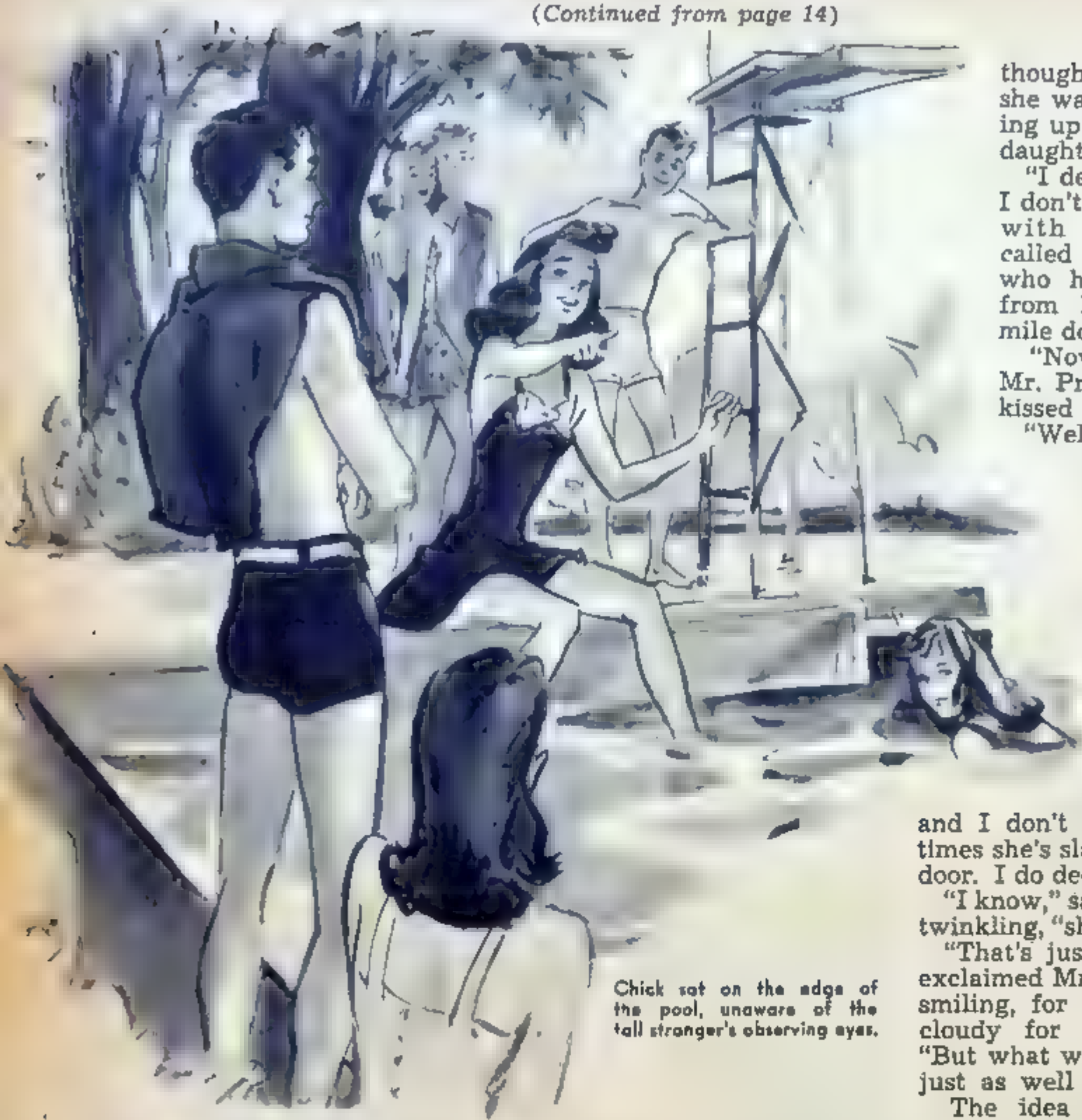
The proof of the popularity of the Jangos is in the number of girls who have been attracted to the organization. There are now 530 Jangos in Washington, and the organization has recently been incorporated into a nationwide movement to enlist the services of close relatives of officers of every branch of the armed forces. These girls will back up the men in uniform by doing jobs on the home front that are so vitally important in time of war.

But if there still should be any question in your mind about whether the girls really enjoy giving up most of their free time to exacting volunteer work, Jean Halloway, chairman of the Doctors Hospital Jangos, has the answer.

"Do they!" Jean laughs, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "Why, the girls would rather help here at the hospital than go to a flock of movies or spend hours hanging around Pete's place playing records!" Her face becomes serious as she continues, "We all feel that while our brothers and fathers are doing their jobs to help this old world along, we've got our jobs to do, too—and this is the place where we can do them best and make them count!"

CHICK LEARNS THE HARD WAY

(*Continued from page 14*)



Chick sat on the edge of the pool, unaware of the tall stranger's observing eyes.

those who visited the tennis courts and swimming pool of a conveniently near-by park. Among the local crowd, too, she reveled in her expert handling of the racket, for she could down anyone. Anyone, that is, except one Ray Miles.

This fact was Chick's pet peeve, and her most burning desire was to take Ray down a peg for the defeats she had suffered at his hands. Later, as Chick sauntered toward the pool, clad in a perky green bathing suit, she was unconsciously comparing this blond tormenter with the newcomer who had so unexpectedly won the afternoon's set from her.

"Don's a player, all right," thought Chick. "I'd like to see him beat that high-hat, Ray."

A sudden thought struck her, seeming to push her toward the pool all the faster.

Between dips, Chick sat on the edge of the pool and splashed playfully at the other bathers. Her laughing green eyes challenged everyone to a race. But her tennis was a lot better than her swimming so she lost as many races as she won. The tall stranger noted, however, that she was as good a loser as she was a winner.

Surely Mrs. Pratt would not have agreed with Donald Travers had she read his thoughts just then, for she was intent on cleaning up after her careless daughter.

"I declare to goodness, I don't know what to do with Chickadee," she called to her husband who had just come in from his office half a mile down the road.

"Now what?" asked Mr. Pratt jovially as he kissed his wife.

"Well, just look at the mess she made. Cookie crumbs, and milk, and even an apple core. I declare, I wonder if she's ever going to learn to pick up her own things. She didn't feed Topsy or the canary, her room looks as if a tornado hit it, and I don't know how many times she's slammed the screen door. I do declare . . ."

"I know," said Mr. Pratt, eyes twinkling, "she said, 'I forgot.' "

"That's just what she said," exclaimed Mrs. Pratt, and then smiling, for she could not be cloudy for long, she added, "But what works one way can just as well work the other."

The idea which had sent Chick on the double-quick to the pool was forming into a plan as she walked home. She said to her pal, "I just know it'll be the thrillingest match we've ever had, Helen."

Her friend confided in turn, "As long as he'll be here for two weeks, and if you can persuade him, I don't see how we can possibly miss!"

Chick went on enthusiastically, "He's a streak. I'll bet he tears the courts apart. I know I can get him to enter."

That's how it happened that the day before the annual North-State Tournament a new entry appeared in the lists—much to the wonder of the

local people, for it was not often that outsiders entered the big event.

"Donald Travers," sniffed one local personage. "Never heard of him."

It had not taken much persuasion on Chick's part to coax Don Travers into the matches.

"But you've got speed," she explained. "Why, none of those old-timers can beat it. As long as I can remember there have been the same old cronies who've galloped out on the courts. You don't know how foolish it feels to stand by and watch old Jake Simms beat old Pop Johnson, when I know I could beat both of them at once. But," she continued, "you have to be eighteen before you can go from the junior to the adult matches, and I still have some time to cover. Ray is eighteen this year and he's been bragging all spring about how he is going to win the title match." Chick laughed sheepishly. "I know it's silly but I turn green whenever I realize he's going to do it, too. That's why I want you to enter. You can beat him sure, and then he'll have to swallow his pride."

She looked up at Don, a dancing light in her eyes. "It's mean of me, I know," she concluded, "and I wasn't going to tell my real reason, but—but it just—slipped out."

"Maybe you don't like trickery," he said.

"Oh, it isn't trickery!" she hastened to assure him. "It's all in fun! I just want to deflate his bubble, so to speak. Sort of get even, you know."

"Yes, I know," he said, laughing now. "Just to please you, I'll conquer your villain if it's the last thing I do."

Chick sighed rapturously. "The crowd will go wild over you. But positive!"

"I hope so," he said as he left her.

Surprisingly, the day of the tournament dawned clear and cloudless. But not as far as Chick was concerned. Mrs. Pratt had been biding her time and making her plans, and the day of the tournament was as good as any to carry them out. Chick came racing downstairs to breakfast, racket swinging wildly. Her excitement was high, not only because of her inevitable victory in the junior matches, but also at the thought of her triumph over Ray himself. So elated was she, in fact, that she didn't speak, but gave all her attention to her breakfast.

There was a gurgling noise from Chick. "Ray, what do you mean? What have I done!"

"Did you make your bed, dear?" Her mother's words came as a bad shock.

"I—I—forgot."

"Did you feed Topsy?"

"No, but she can wait until I get home."

"Well, as soon as you finish those little jobs, let me know, Chickie, and we'll start right in on the canning." There was a slight twitch of amusement at her brows.

But Chick was far from amusement of any kind.

"Mother!" she squealed, a little hysterically. "Mother, the tournament! I'm going. Can! Oh, Dad!" She appealed helplessly to the masculine side of the table and brightened uncertainly at a quirk of laughter in the corners of her father's mouth.

"Oh, of course," she said, relieved, "it's a joke. I might have known!" A giggle escaped her lips. "What a family!" she said fondly.

"But, Chickie, of course it isn't a joke," assured her mother. "I guess I must have forgotten the tennis matches. How stupid of me." She turned to her husband. "Chickie will have to miss the tournament this year, I guess. We can't let the vegetables go any longer."

"Of course not, of course not," agreed Mr. Pratt. Moved by the trembling of his daughter's lower lip, he hastily left the table, leaving his wife to the mercies of a horrified Chick Pratt.

"Mother," begged Chick. "M-Mother!"

"I know it was silly of me, dear, but I simply forgot. We certainly can't let the canning wait, so when you get through with the dishes, start in on the

beds, dear," said Mrs. Pratt, outwardly calm. "I'm going down cellar to find some buckets and jars."

"M-M-Mother," cried Chick as a torrent of tears broke loose from its moorings.

Finally she raised a tear-stained face from her wet arms and addressed the toaster unsteadily.

"I—I won't act like this," she said. "I w-won't be a baby. After all, the tournament is-isn't my whole life. After all . . ."

So, with difficulty, Chick managed a half-hearted smile and even began to hum as her slim, tan fingers flew to their work. The day went swiftly, and before three o'clock, row upon row of sparkling full jars lined the cupboard shelves. Chick could not help feeling a little pride as she looked at the shelves, but at the thought of the fun she had missed, her eyes clouded again.

Not until after the early supper did she fully acknowledge her punishment. Again she addressed the toaster as she set pots and pans, cups and saucers in their appointed places.

"I s'pose I'll be glad for the beans and tomatoes and stuff this winter, but I wish Mother could have picked another day. How am I ever going to explain to the gang why I wasn't there?"

A knock interrupted her whispered monologue and through the open door came a familiar greeting.

"Hi! Chick!"

Recognizing the voice of Ray Miles, Chick was glad her parents were elsewhere. As she unhooked the screen door, which had been so troublesome recently, Ray spoke again.

"Say, where've you been all day?" he asked indignantly.

Chick's mind went in circles as she tried to think up a good excuse for not being at the matches. Then finally she blurted out the truth. But Ray's reaction wasn't what she was prepared for. He just went on in a somewhat baffled tone of voice, as if he, too, had come in contact with something totally unexpected.

"Jeeminy, Chick, you sure missed something colossal. It would have done your heart good to have seen Yours Truly get his ears pinned back!"

So he had been beaten! Momentarily Chick chuckled inwardly. But her glee soon turned to astonishment. Why, he was actually enjoying his downfall!

"Man," Ray went on fervently, "as a tennis player I always thought I was pretty hot stuff. But after seeing that guy Travers on the courts, I feel like a kindergarten pupil. Why, we must have looked like teacher and student out there." He scratched his head thoughtfully. "I guess I am just a student after all, and I'll never be a teacher unless I'm a student first." He glanced at Chick with just the slightest trace of suspicion in his eyes. "Of course, it isn't quite so hard to take, learning my lesson from the three-year champion of State Tech."

There was a gurgling noise from Chick's direction. "Ray, what—what do you—mean? Three-year champ—Ray, what have I done! Oooh!" And reluctantly Chick confessed her bit of skulduggery, her attempt to dethrone Ray's ego. When she finished, her lip was trembling.

"Oh, Ray, see what I've done! I actually stood on the court and argued form with him, and all the time—oh, how they'll laugh at me now, and the trouble is I've got it coming to me! I was the conceited one after all and I didn't need to go far from home to find someone to reform!"

Ray moved to the couch to sit beside her. "Don't worry so, Chickie. Travers left for Middleton hours ago and you won't have to worry about people's laughing. No one knows anything, and so help me, I'll sock anybody that does."

Chick grinned. "I guess that settles that, then, but I certainly learn the hard way."

Ray grinned, too. "There's a good show on at the Roxy. Want to see it? That is, if you're out of quarantine yet?" he added with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

"Do I? And if I'm not out of quarantine yet, I soon will be." And she was. She rushed to the coat closet. As Ray helped her with her coat, Chick giggled. "They say confession's good for the soul. Well, if my soul isn't satisfied, it ought to be!"

There was no slam of a screen door as they went out, only the resounding footsteps of a girl and a boy, eyes happy and sparkling, fingers linked in understanding.

HARVEST

By JO BRICK

Fifteen Years Old
Winner of 9th Place in Camp Fire Girls Annual Poetry Contest

The sun, a burnished disc of gold,
Hung high in the noonday sky,
Pours forth its rays like molten metal
Over farms and fields beneath.
This hot white brilliance is echoed
In the rippling fields of wind-tossed grain.
Its rays have burned the glistening sweat-streaked backs
Of those who reap
To the self-same color of the earth
Which they have plowed and sowed and harvested
Year upon year, season after season.
The noisy clatter of the mower is the only sound
To break the heavy-scented silence.
Waves of heat rising from the fields
Transform the picture of the harvest
Into one hazy, swimming mess
Of shimmering gold.

Some odds and ends
Plus imagination
Make a new accessory
A real sensation

Gadgets for Girls

On Your Toes—Now that we can no longer run out and buy a new pair of party shoes whenever the mood moves us, here's an easy way to dress up old shoes for those special occasions. Make colorful butterflies out of scraps of felt and glue them on the toes of plain pumps. It will give the shoes a real party-party look. You might also like to make a matching butterfly for your hair or wrist. The gaily-colored butterflies make attractive accessories.—*Dorothy Roberta Harpell, Dorchester, N. B.*

Bobby-Pin News—A package of embroidery thread, plus a bobby pin, makes a smart bow for your hair. Silly when you think of it, but cute while you wear it.—*Marion Guy, Toronto, Ont.* Another change from regular hair ribbons is to wear pennies in your hair. Polish the pennies with any household cleanser. After they are nice and shiny, glue them to a bobby pin. You can get up to three pennies on a bobby pin.—*Jean Stewart, Massina, N. Y.*

New Outlooks—Don't be discouraged with a dull skirt. How about sewing artificial flowers along the hem and waist. It'll make the skirt a new and catchy number.—*Betty Jane Da Costa, Wrentham, Mass.* Or if that's too summery for you, you can get in the mood for the coming football season by sewing little pennants on your skirt. Sew them point down, leaving the tops open, and you can use them for pockets.—*Gene Whyte, Lake Forest, Ill.*

Fun Ways to Carry Funds—If you've always longed for one of those shoulder-strap pocketbooks, you can make over an old one. Remove the old handle, if any. Braid one long strap of wool and sew the ends securely to the purse.—*Shirley Hamilton, Hamilton, Ont.* Or if you'd like to get by without carrying any purse at all and happen to live in a city where you use tokens for streetcars and busses, here's how. Slip your tokens on a large safety pin—the largest safety pin you can find. Paint the pin with nail polish or with water paints to match your costume. It's not only handy but it makes a very cute and decorative lapel gadget. Just try it!—*Loretta Robinson, Hartford, Conn.*

About the House—If you have several toothbrushes and only one hook to call your own, here's an idea. Run a ribbon through the holes in the handles of the brushes and tie it in a bow. Then hang the ribbon on the hook and you're all set.—*Barbara Jean Stewart, Yuba City, Calif.*

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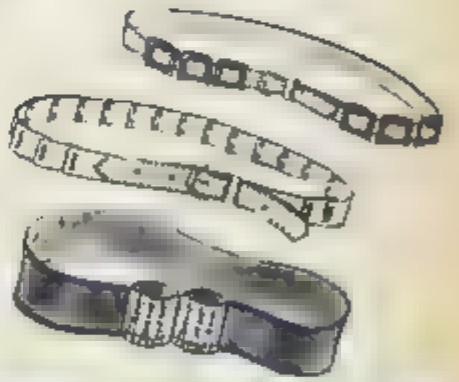
Joplin, Mo. ... Joplin, Millinery
Kinston, N. C. ... A. J. Sutton & Sons
Lake Charles, La. ... Muller Co., Ltd.
La Fayette, Ind. ... Loeb and Hess
Lebanon, Pa. ... Ann Pennypacker
Lincoln, Neb. ... Miss Lucas Millinery
Lynchburg, Va. ... C. M. Guggenheimers
Lexington, Ky. ... Purcell Co.
Macon, Ga. ... Porteck's
Madison, Wis. ... Baron Brothers
Malden, Mass. ... F. N. Joslin Co.
Mason City, Ia. ... David K. Lundberg & Co.
Mexico, Mo. ... Fredenda & Wilkins
Miami, Fla. ... Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis. ... Gimbel Bros.
Minot, N. D. ... Elson's, Inc.
Murfreesboro, Tenn. ... Cecil Brad's French Shoppe, Inc.
New York, N. Y. ... Gimbel Bros.
Ogden, Utah ... Nona Todd Millinery
Oakland, Calif. ... H. C. Capwell Co.
Oakland, Calif. ... Kahn Dept. Store, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla. ... Street's Clothing Store
Owensboro, Ky. ... Levy's, Inc.
Paterson, N. J. ... Berger's Millinery
Philadelphia, Pa. ... Gimbel Bros.
Portland, Ore. ... Meier and Frank Co.
Pottsville, Pa. ... Pomeroy's
Pueblo, Colo. ... Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.
Rock Island, Ill. ... McCabe Dry Goods Co.
Rochester, Minn. ... C. F. Massey Co.
Rutland, Vt. ... Chas. Sterns & Co.
Santa Ana, Calif. ... Garrells'
San Francisco, Calif. ... The Emporium, Inc.
San Bernardino, Calif. ... Harris Co., Inc.
San Diego, Calif. ... Cheskin's Youth Fashion Center
San Pedro, Calif. ... Garrells
Savannah, Ga. ... Glendale Shop
Sheboygan, Wis. ... Guenther's
Sioux Falls, S. D. ... Sickel's Millinery
Springfield, Ill. ... Altman's
St. Joseph, Mo. ... The Fair
St. Louis, Mo. ... Hat Mart
St. Paul, Minn. ... Field-Schlick, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla. ... Rutland Bros.
Superior, Wis. ... Lightbody's
Tacoma, Wash. ... Rhodes Brothers
Tampa, Fla. ... O. Falk Dept. Store
Topeka, Kan. ... Crosby Brothers Merc. Co., Inc.
Tulsa, Okla. ... Street's
Twin Falls, Idaho ... C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa. ... N. Kaufman, Inc.
Utica, N. Y. ... Irving H. Irion
Washington, D. C. ... Polaris Royal
Washington, N. C. ... The Lewis Co.
Waycross, Ga. ... Churchwell's
Wichita, Kan. ... United Millinery
Williamsport, Pa. ... Brozman's
Wilmington, N. C. ... Sher-Lynn Shoppe
Wilmington, O. ... H. H. Thorne Co.
Winona, Minn. ... H. Choate & Co., Inc.

If your local store is not listed, write GAGE 402 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

The Soda Fountain Crowd Goes for SHIRTS!



WHAT'LL you have—sloppy "boy" shirt or trim tuck-in blouse? Above, the gals go feminine in white Glenwear Pixie blouse and Derby shirts of du Pont spun rayon and wool Raylaine flannel plaids. Criterion belts for hand-span waists; Kiss-Me Beaux for glamour. Below, girl meets boy in brushed-cotton plaid shirts. Similar shirts in your favorite teen department.

Snapped at National Dairy's Sealtest Kitchen.

Francine Gallison, 15, of Erasmus High, Brooklyn, N.Y., makes her modeling debut on our front cover in a "Teen-Age by Gage" date hat. With detachable veil it's called "Francine," without, it's "Best Beau."

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Strictly in the groove!

Famous Powers and Conover "Calling All GIRLS" cover models in Teen-Age hats by GAGE. Designed especially for you, chosen with the help of over 600 Hi-Style Scouts from coast to coast, you'll find them at any store listed opposite or write GAGE, 402 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Florence Awe, left, wears "FRESHIE," popular Eton cap with visor brim and cigarette trim. Betty Cornell models "TASSEL TOP." Both in navy, brown, kelly, red, turf, soldier. 100% wool felt cloth $1.95

Betty, pointing to herself, wears "GEETCHY," wool felt pillbox with new fluted top. Pat Geoghegan sports head hugging "HEP HAT," 100% wool felt cloth in navy, brown, kelly, red, turf, soldier $1.95

Here's Dolores Conlon, left, looking smart in "FLAP JACK," convertible pancake beret of wool felt. Florence is feeling happy about "GOB GIRL." Both in navy, brown, kelly, red, turf, soldier $2.95

Pat is ready to go places in "BEST BEAU," flattering wool felt pompadour poke. Dolores, right, double-dates in "BIG DATE." Choose your color . . . black, brown, navy, kelly, red and turf . . $2.95

A "military objective" . . . you'll be a "dream boy's" "P-38" when you strut about in this "triple charge" PETITEEN dress, fashioned for the small teen "doll" who craves big teen sophistication. Made of rayon and wool alpaca with exquisite jewel belt. Colors: flamingo red, blue, aqua, rose, gold. Sizes 10-12-14. Retail about $9.00.

Woodward & Lothrop Washington, D. C. — *Bamberger's* Newark, N. J.

Jordan Marsh Boston, Mass. — *Bullock's* Los Angeles, Cal

John Shillito Co. Cincinnati, Ohio

LINED FOR WARMTH UNDERLINED FOR Style

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

LEFT—Ellen Way of Professional Children's School, New York, and Lydia McClelland of St Mary's High, Long Island, N. Y., in fur-lined coats. Ellen's button-in lining is bunny fur and quilting. Lydia's Greencrest coat has leopard-like fur lining. Both wear Betty Ann's "Beau Bonnet."

BELOW—Ellen Way faces any weather in her tweed "boy" coat with button-in chamois leather lining. "Penny" beret by Bob.

HERE'S important "inside" information about fall coats Detachable button-in linings this year are of chamois leather or of real, honest-to-goodness *fur*. Such luxury! Remove the linings and wear the same coats for spring. Detachable lining coats are sound investments that pay year-around dividends in comfort and style.

Teen sizes 10 to 16 in the teen department of your favorite store

THE WINNAHS!

You should have seen the wacky names that poured in to us for the Korn Kobblers trick instrument feature in the May CALLING ALL GIRLS. Here are the winners. Congratulations!

FIRST PRIZE $5.00 in War Stamps
LOIS BLOCH
Orange, New Jersey
The name "Squeezerette"

SECOND PRIZE $2.50 in War Stamps
PAT OVERTON
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
The name "Squeeze-A-Tune"

THIRD, FOURTH and FIFTH PRIZES
$1.00 each in war stamps

ANN K QUINN Caldwell, New Jersey
The name "Ickiehorn"

JO ANN BECKER, Beechhurst, Long Island
The name "Honkerina"

DORRIT DEUTSCH, New York, N. Y.
The name "Kornophone"

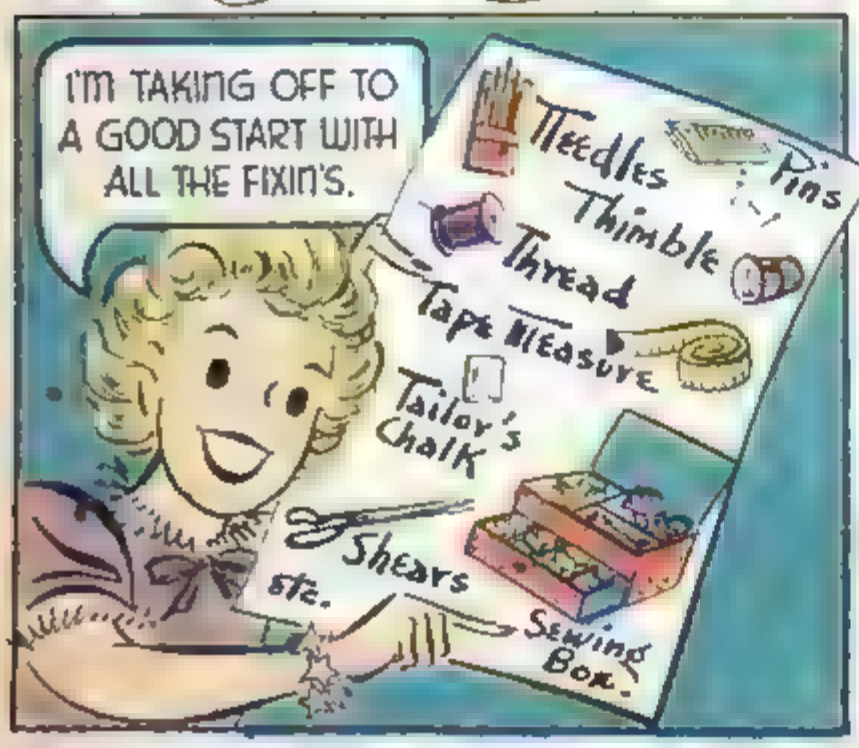
The Korn Kobblers had a hard time picking the winnahs. They thank you all for your entries.

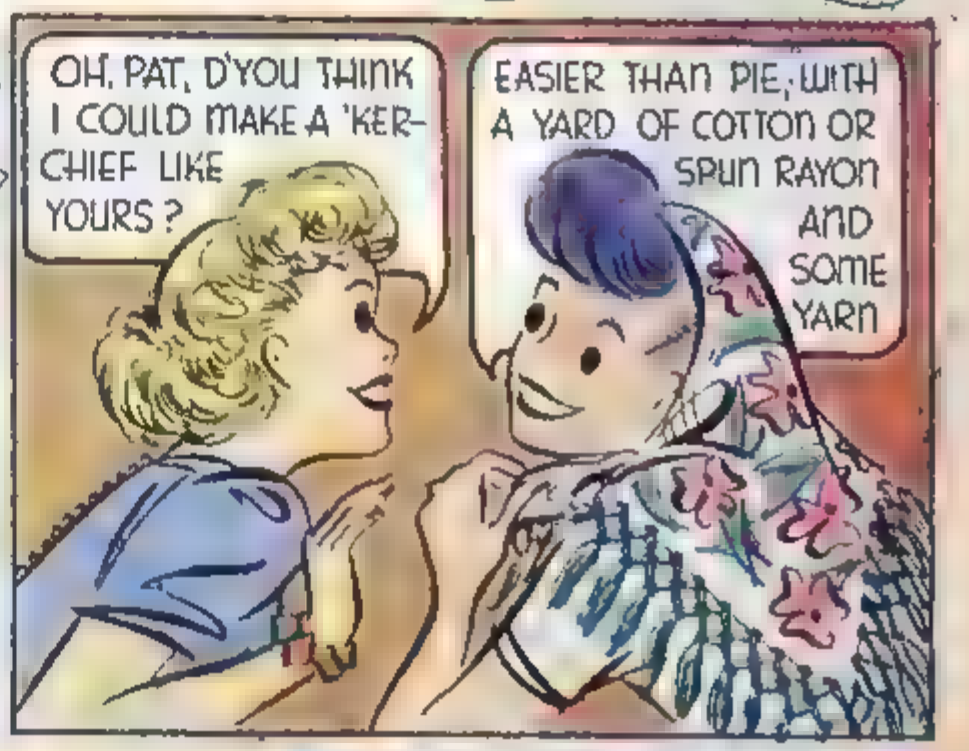
When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

IT'S FUN TO SEW

CHAPTER 1

BEGINNER'S LUCK WITH A 'KERCHIEF

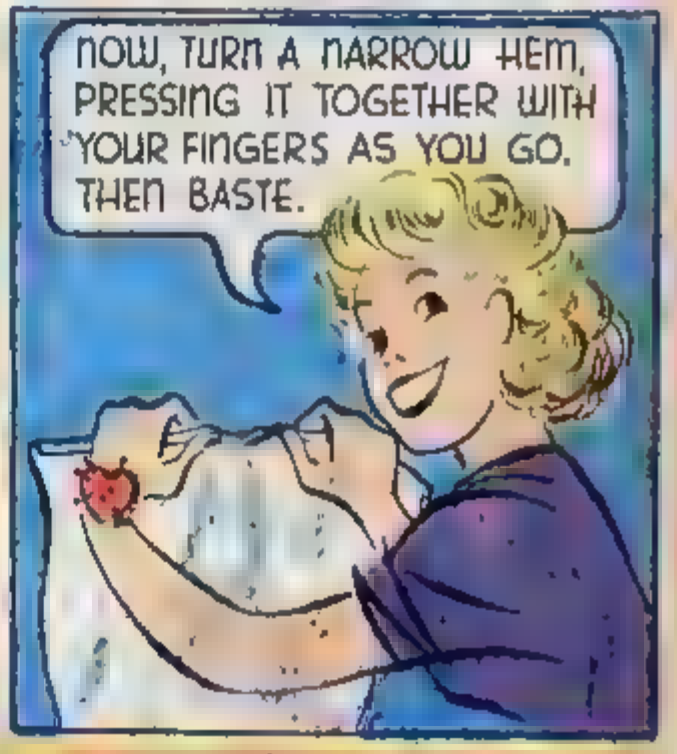


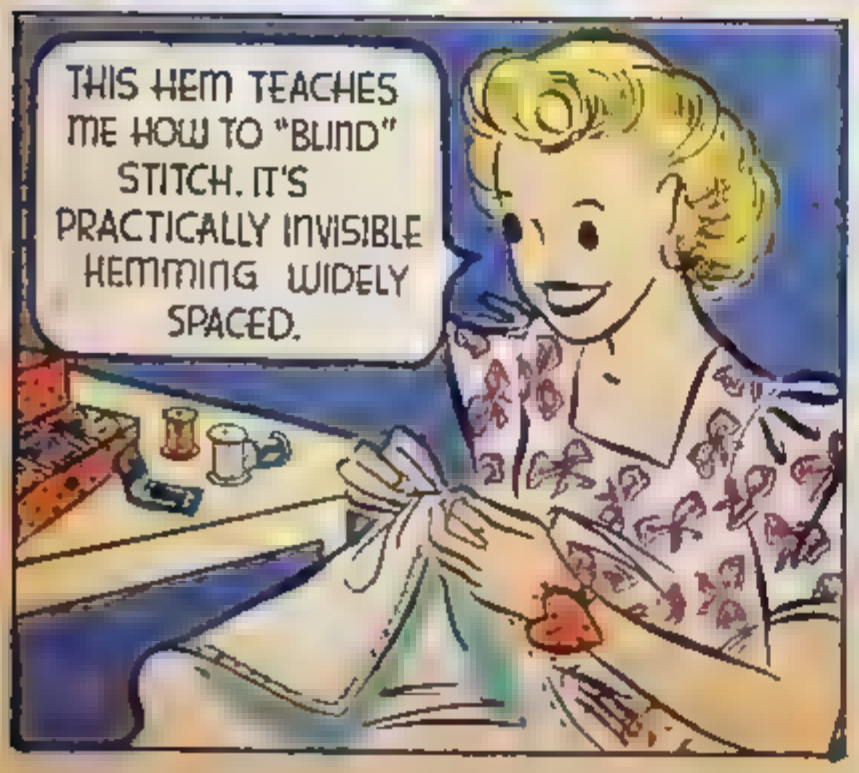


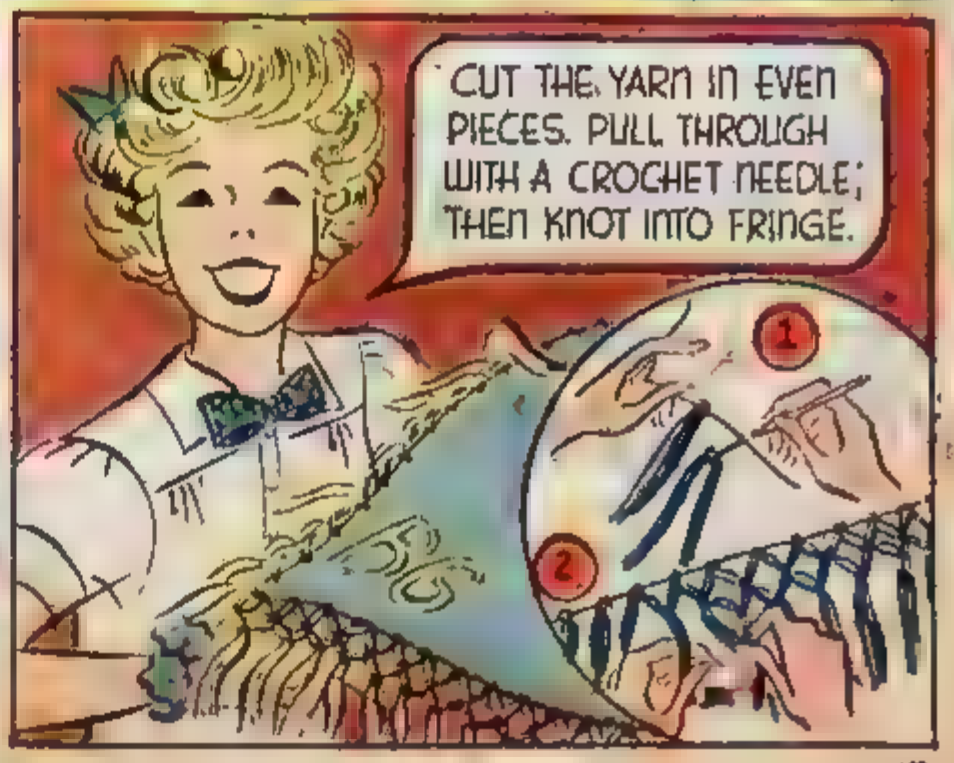
SEWING lessons are fun in pictures, aren't they? We'll start with simple things, just to learn the basic stitches. Our next will be an apron.

For complete details on how to make the scarf, send stamped, addressed envelope (large size, please) to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 17, N. Y., for "It's Fun to Sew" Leaflet, Number 1.

Save your leaflets, as you sew, for a CALLING ALL GIRLS sewing manual.

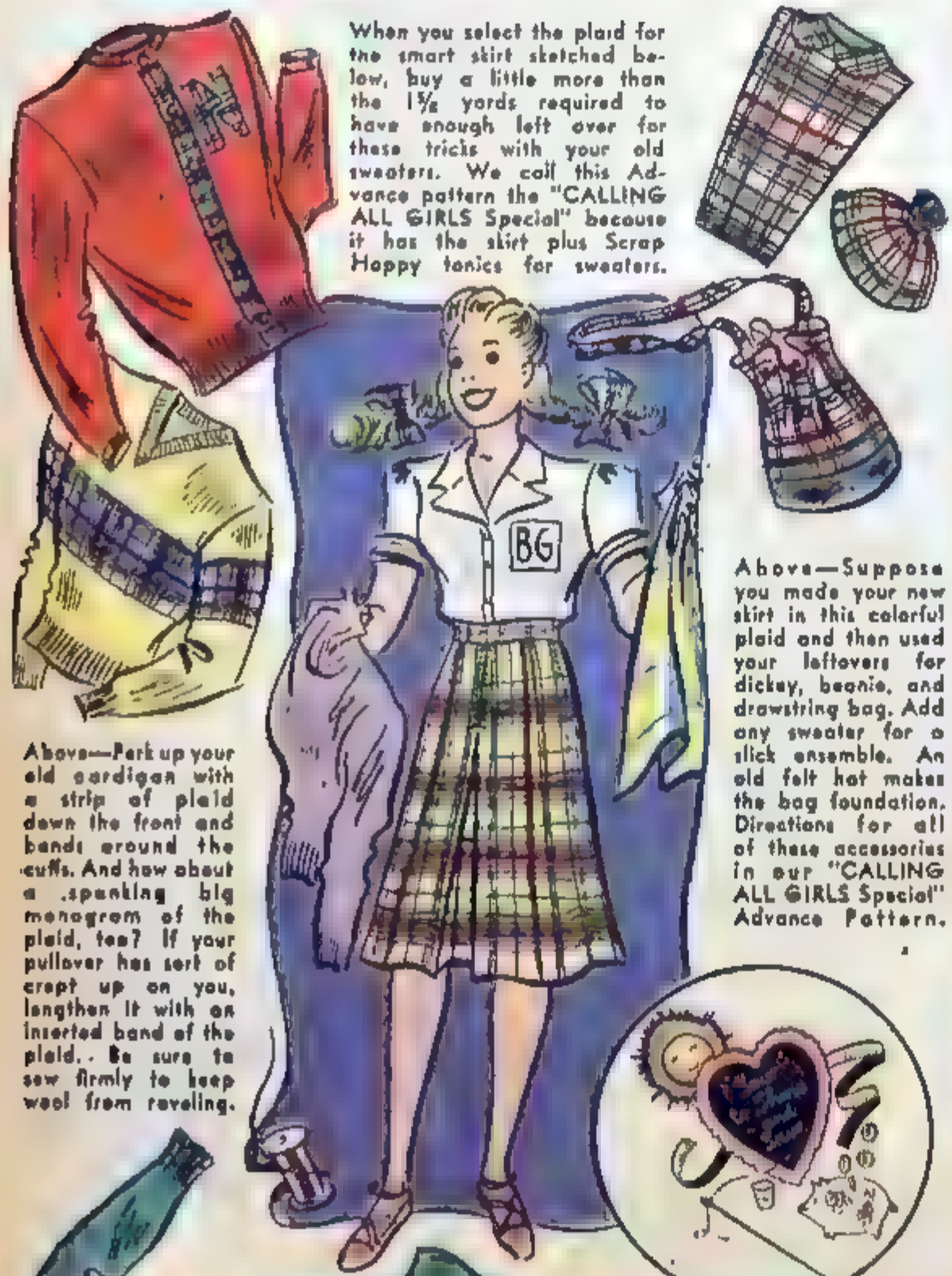






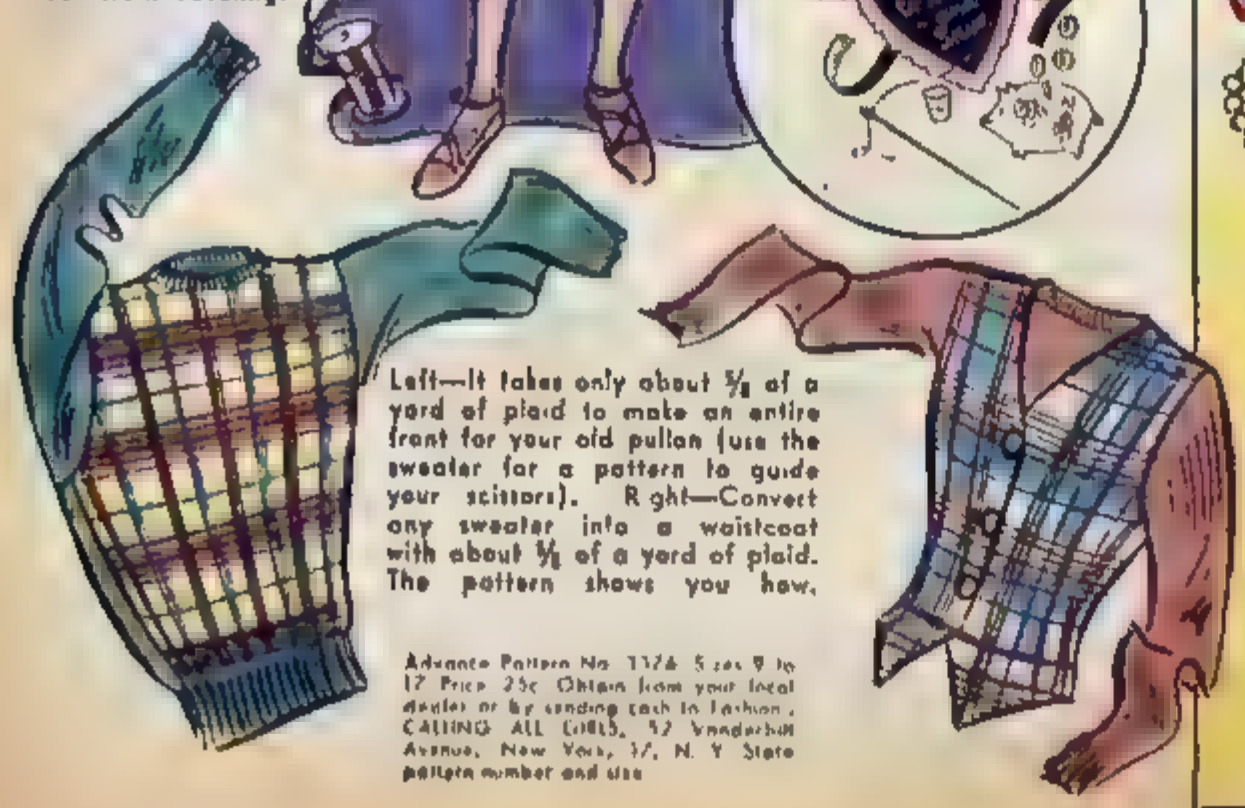
Dress up your OLD Sweaters to your NEW Skirt

When you select the plaid for the smart skirt sketched below, buy a little more than the 1⅝ yards required to have enough left over for these tricks with your old sweaters. We call this Advance pattern the "CALLING ALL GIRLS Special" because it has the skirt plus Scrap Happy tonics for sweaters.



Above—Perk up your old cardigan with a strip of plaid down the front and bands around the cuffs. And how about a spanking big monogram of the plaid, too? If your pullover has sort of crept up on you, lengthen it with an inserted band of the plaid. Be sure to sew firmly to keep wool from raveling.

Above—Suppose you made your new skirt in this colorful plaid and then used your leftovers for dickey, beanie, and drawstring bag. Add any sweater for a slick ensemble. An old felt hat makes the bag foundation. Directions for all of these accessories in our "CALLING ALL GIRLS Special" Advance Pattern.



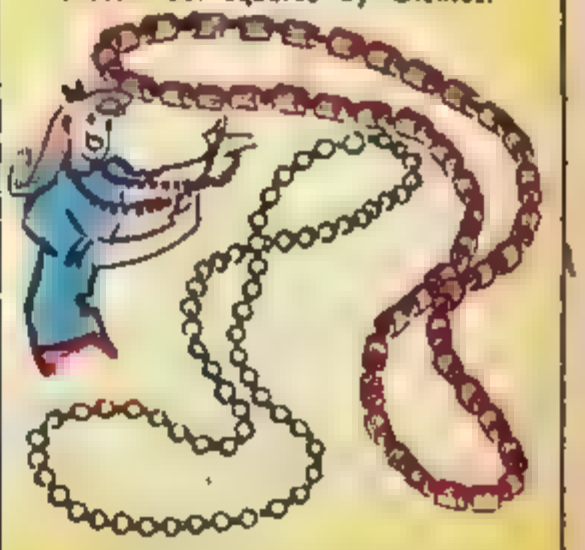
Left—It takes only about ⅝ of a yard of plaid to make an entire front for your old pullon (use the sweater for a pattern to guide your scissors). Right—Convert any sweater into a waistcoat with about ⅝ of a yard of plaid. The pattern shows you how.

Advance Pattern No. 1374. Sizes 9 to 17. Price 25c. Obtain from your local dealer or by sending cash to Fashion, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y. State pattern number and size.

SERVICE YOUR SWEATERS

WITH lots of dickeys. The new Joan Lord dickeys in lustrous rayon are sized by neckband inches just like a man's collar.

WITH colorful kerchiefs to wear knotted at the neck or as head bandanas. Try luscious fringed sheer wool squares by Glentex.



WITH tummy-length necklaces to wear knotted, if you have a special beau. Wooden or plastic beads are Coroteen fashions.

WITH Kleinert pin-in sweater shields that will help to keep you fresh and dainty and will save laundering your sweaters so often.

Flunked!

. . . in more ways than one!

Sure, you want to keep up with your classes. Sure, you want to be right out in front when the school team takes the field. Girls want to aim at the standards of America's WAAC and WAVES . . . boys want to pattern themselves after soldiers, sailors, marines, the air corps. *And no flunking out!*

Be warned! With more of our food now following our flag, many families have changed their eating habits. There is plenty of food, of course, but that does not mean plenty of nutrition. And the *right kind* of food—the right combination—is more important than ever before.

Pillsbury, naturally, wants to help carry on the fight against that treacherous old fifth columnist, malnutrition. We have prepared a special, illustrated booklet we'd like to send you free. It tells about the basic 7 foods—about healthful wartime eating—about how to keep pep in your step. It contains recipes you'll want to show your mother; it's a book your teacher will be interested to see on your desk. Fill in and mail the coupon for your free copy.

Cut and mail this coupon today!

FREE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE BOOK ABOUT WARTIME EATING!

Foods Education Dept. 150
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me free, the illustrated booklet, "Fightin' Food."

Name _____

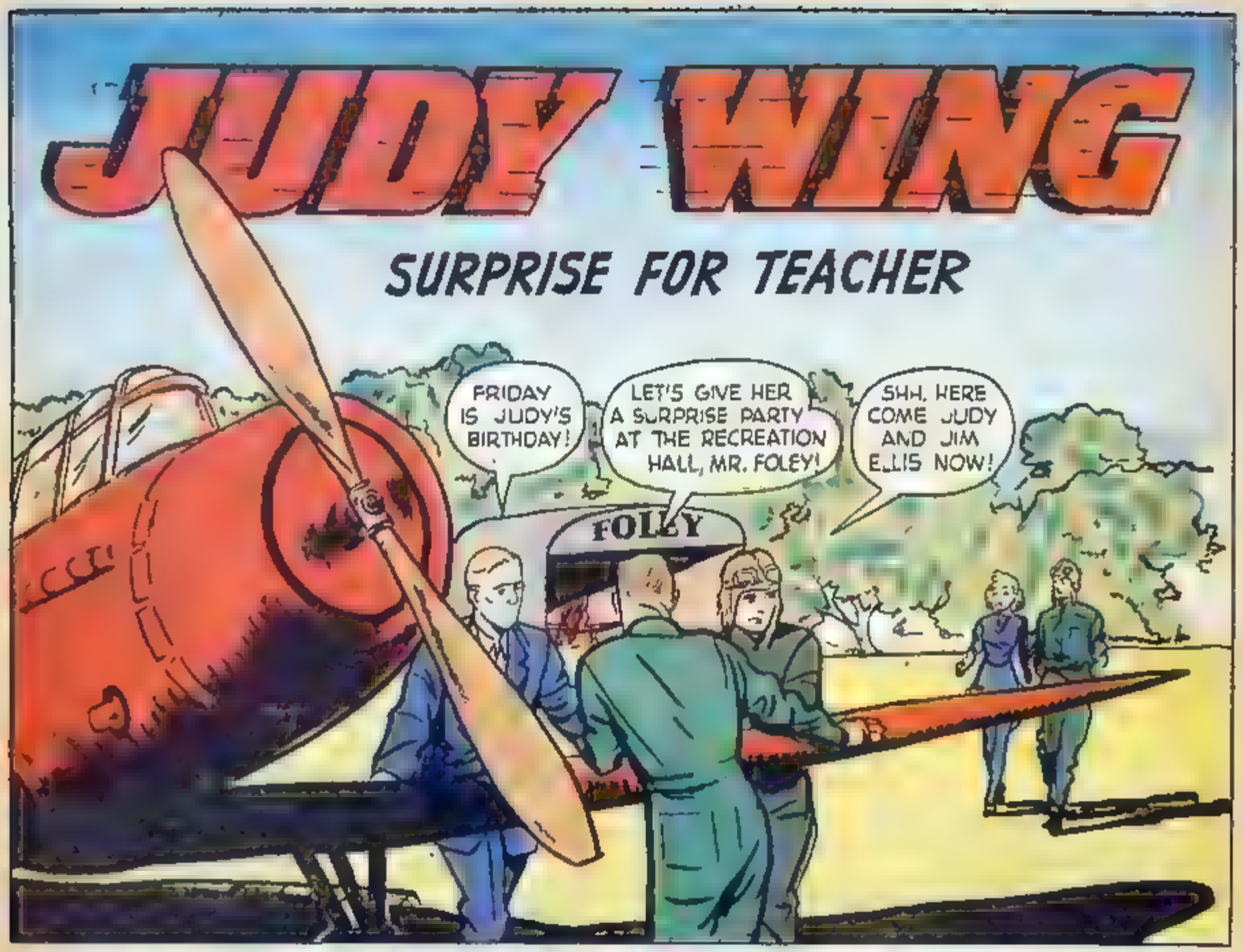
Street _____

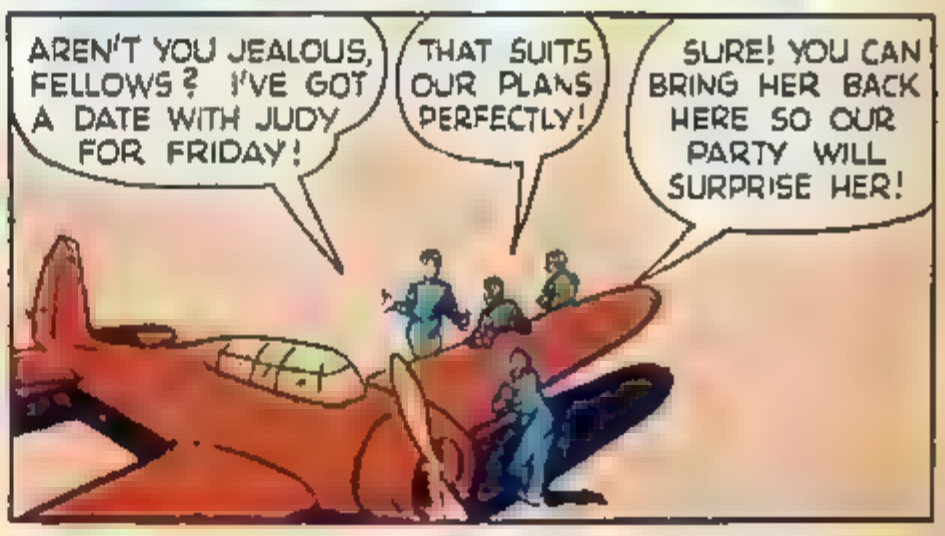
City _____ State _____

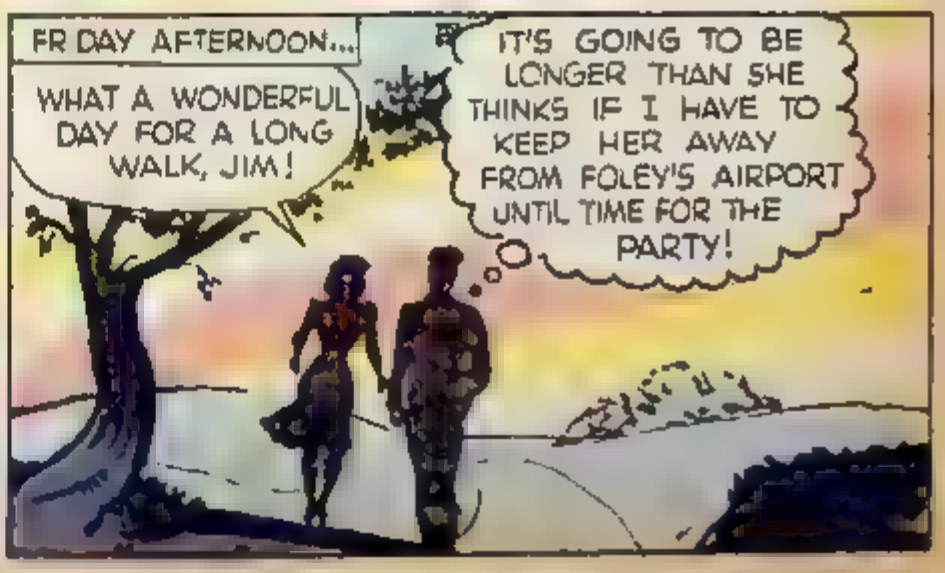
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

JUDY WING

SURPRISE FOR TEACHER

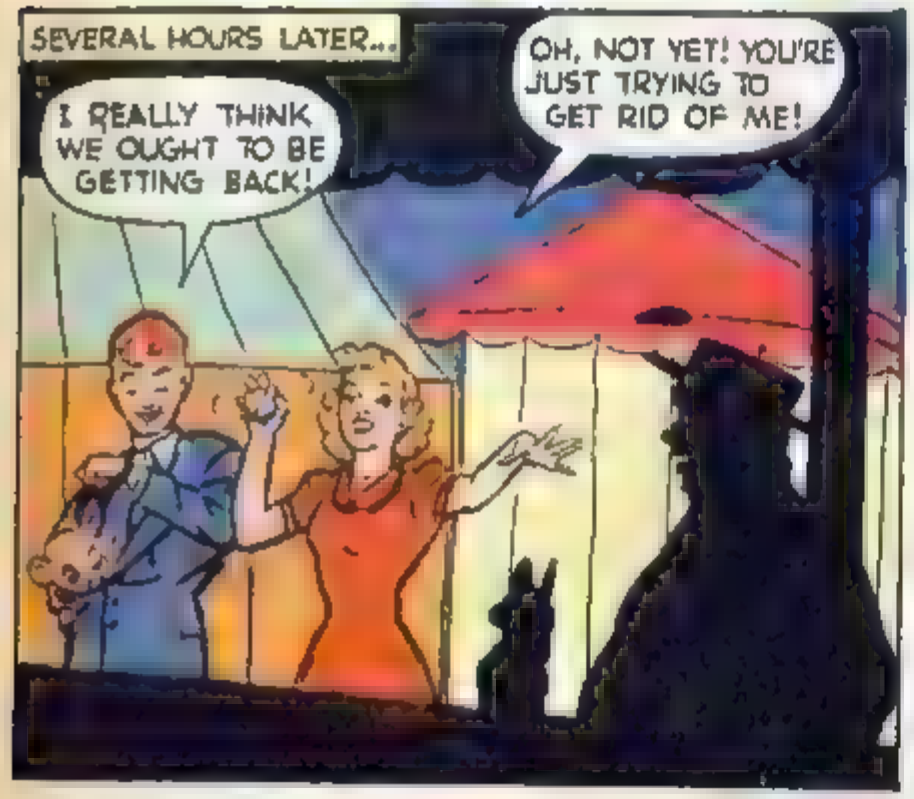


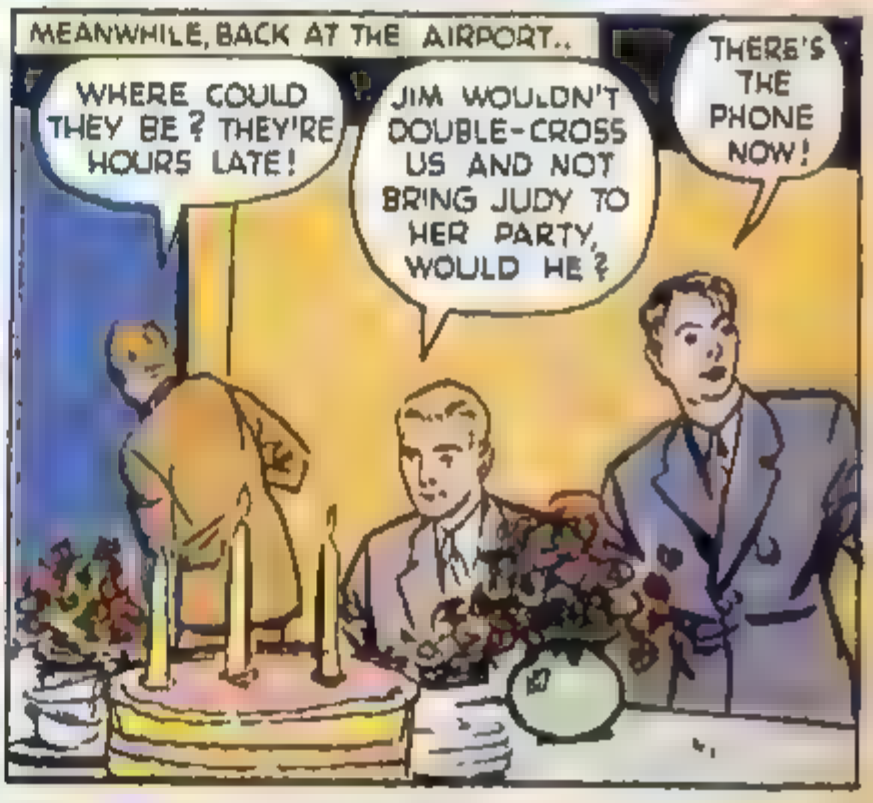


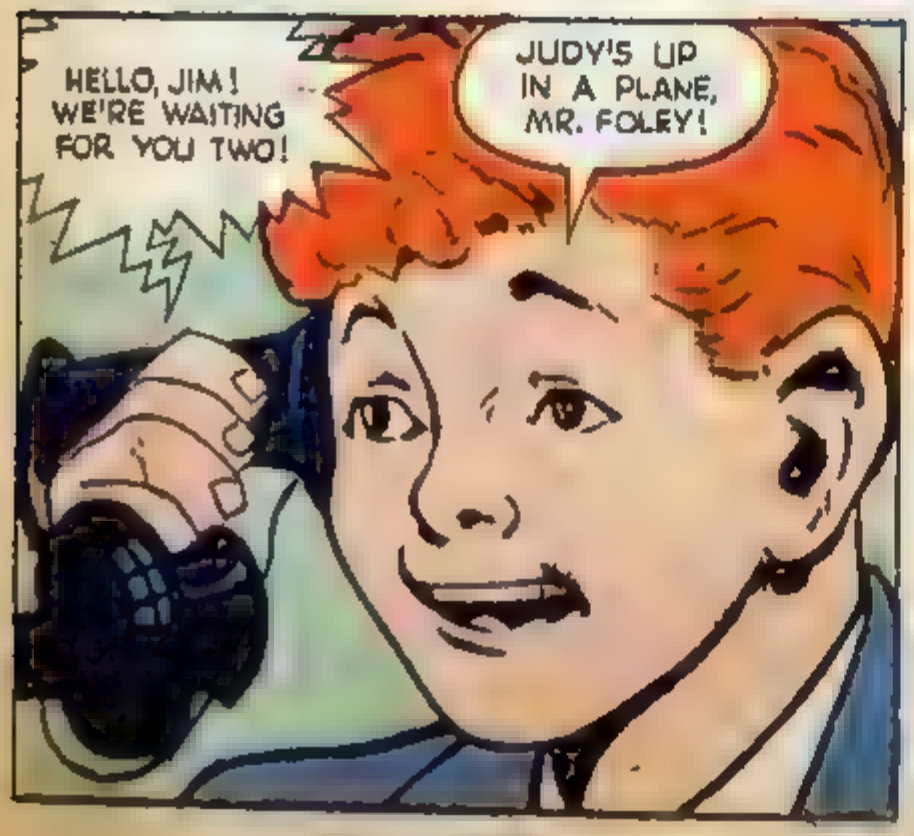


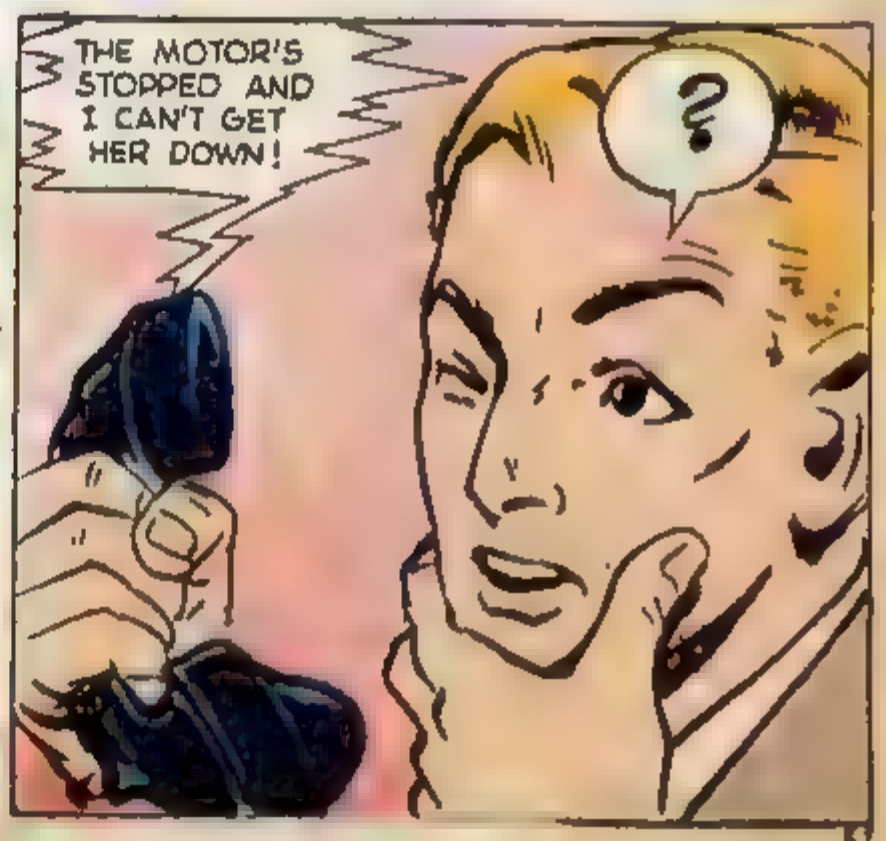
OH, JIM! LOOK-A CARNIVAL!
LET'S GO IN AND TAKE A RIDE ON THE ROLLER COASTER!
RNIVAL
5¢

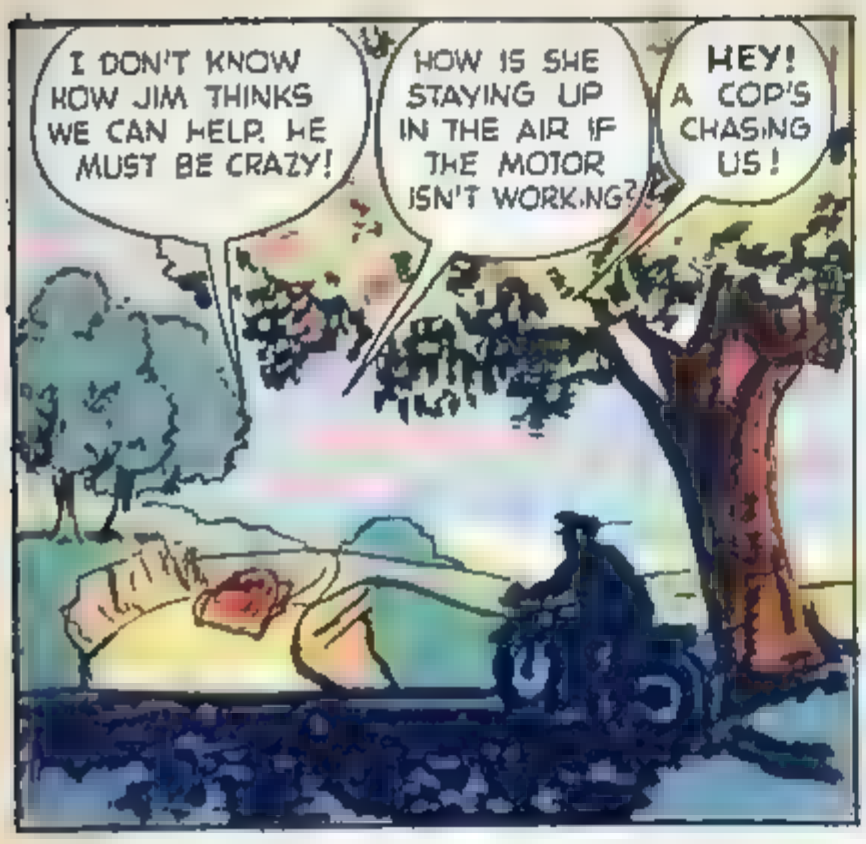
THESE FEEL LIKE OVERGROWN AIR POCKETS!
I HOPE AIR POCKETS NEVER GET AS BIG AS THIS!

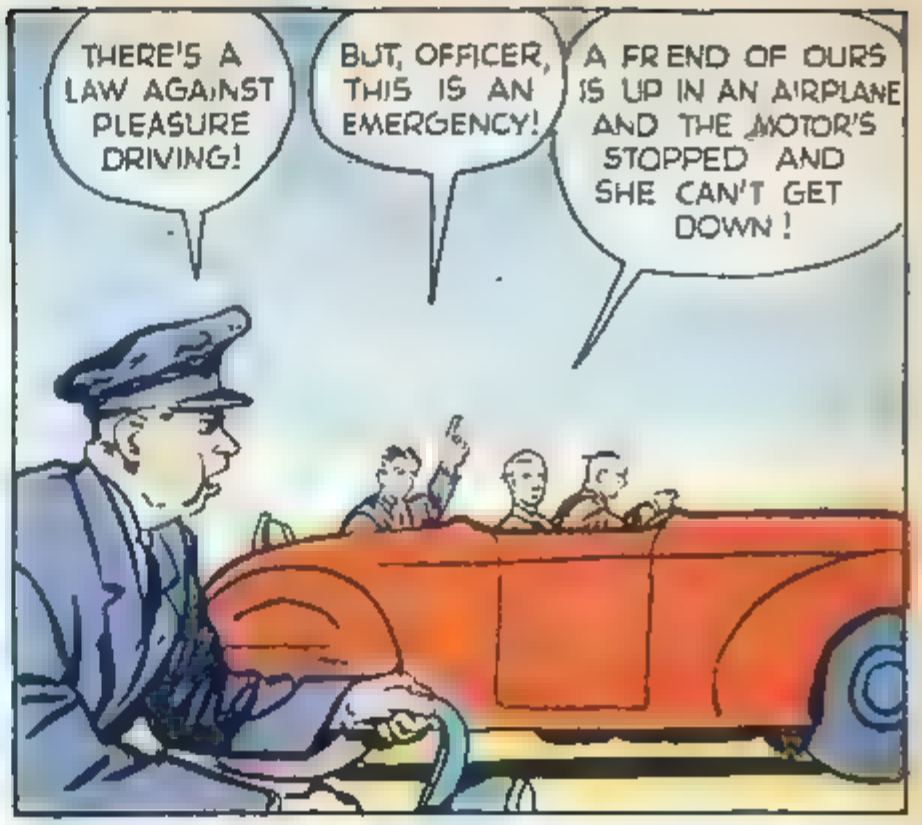

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
I REALLY THINK WE OUGHT TO BE GETTING BACK!
OH, NOT YET! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO GET RID OF ME!

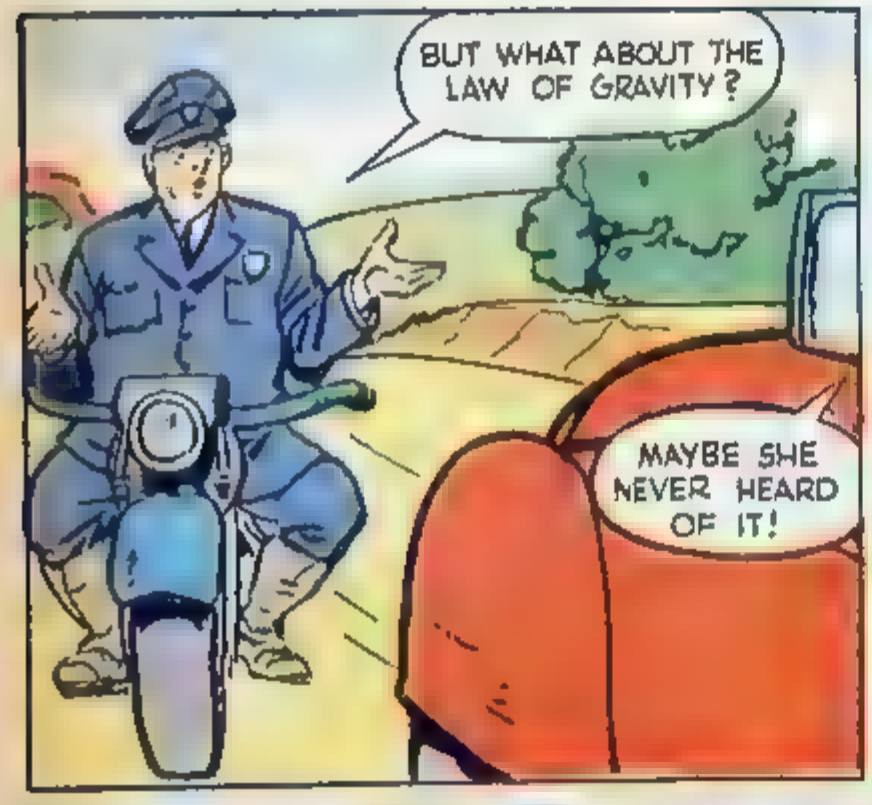

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE AIRPORT..
WHERE COULD THEY BE? THEY'RE HOURS LATE!
JIM WOULDN'T DOUBLE-CROSS US AND NOT BRING JUDY TO HER PARTY, WOULD HE?
THERE'S THE PHONE NOW!

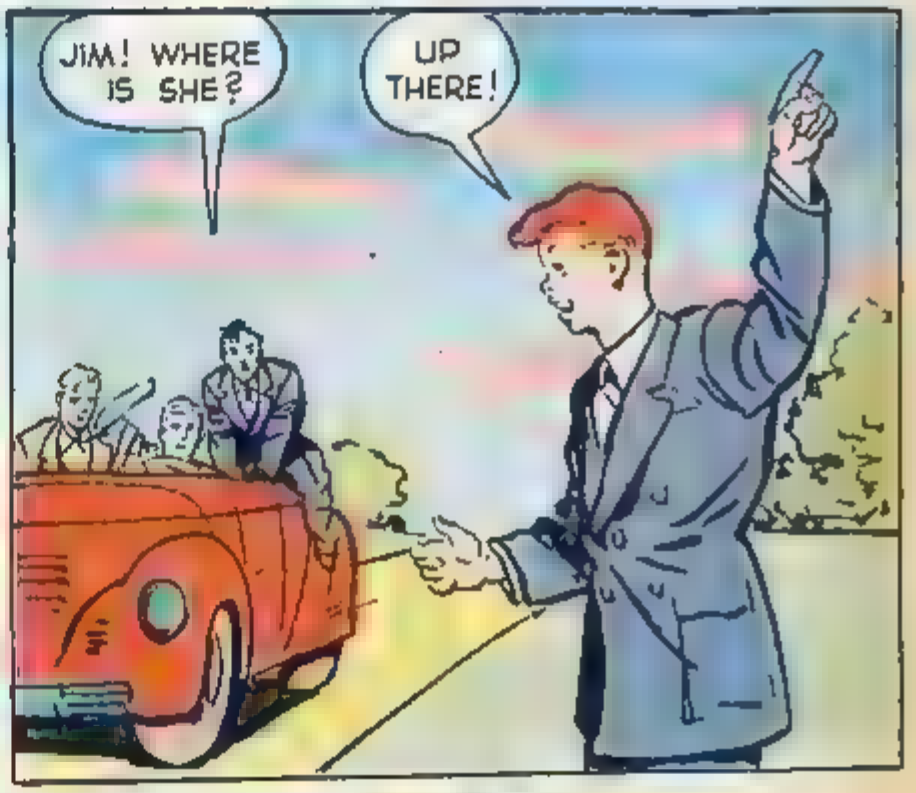

HELLO, JIM! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU TWO!
JUDY'S UP IN A PLANE, MR. FOLEY!


THE MOTOR'S STOPPED AND I CAN'T GET HER DOWN!
?

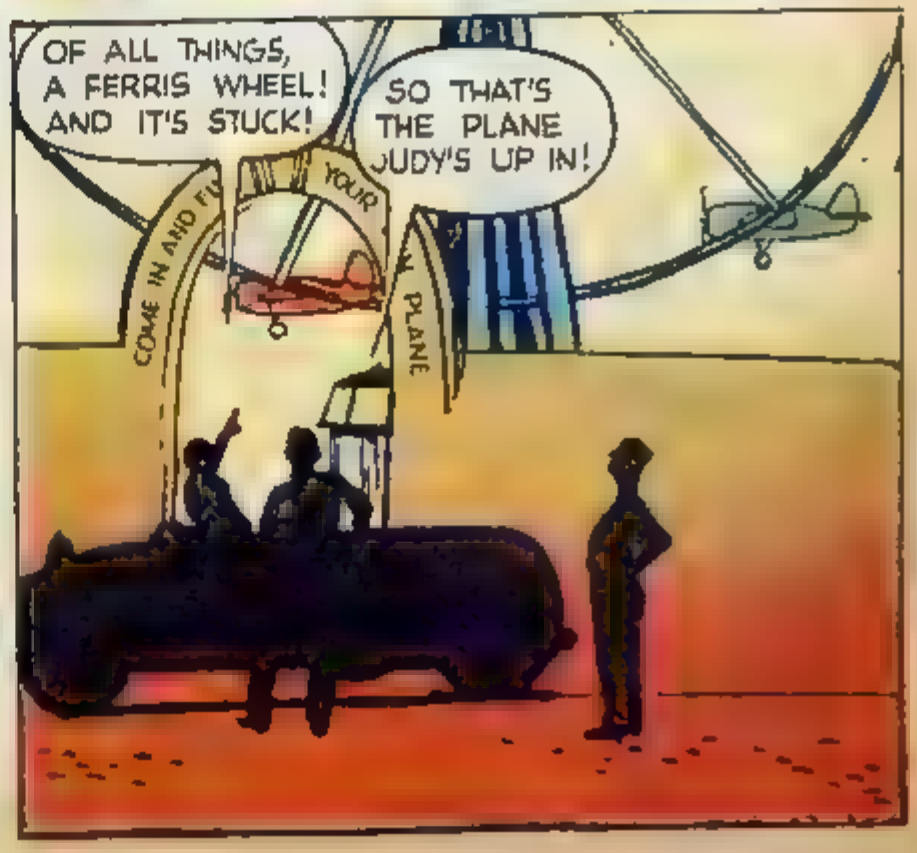

I DON'T KNOW HOW JIM THINKS WE CAN HELP. HE MUST BE CRAZY!
HOW IS SHE STAYING UP IN THE AIR IF THE MOTOR ISN'T WORKING?
HEY! A COP'S CHASING US!

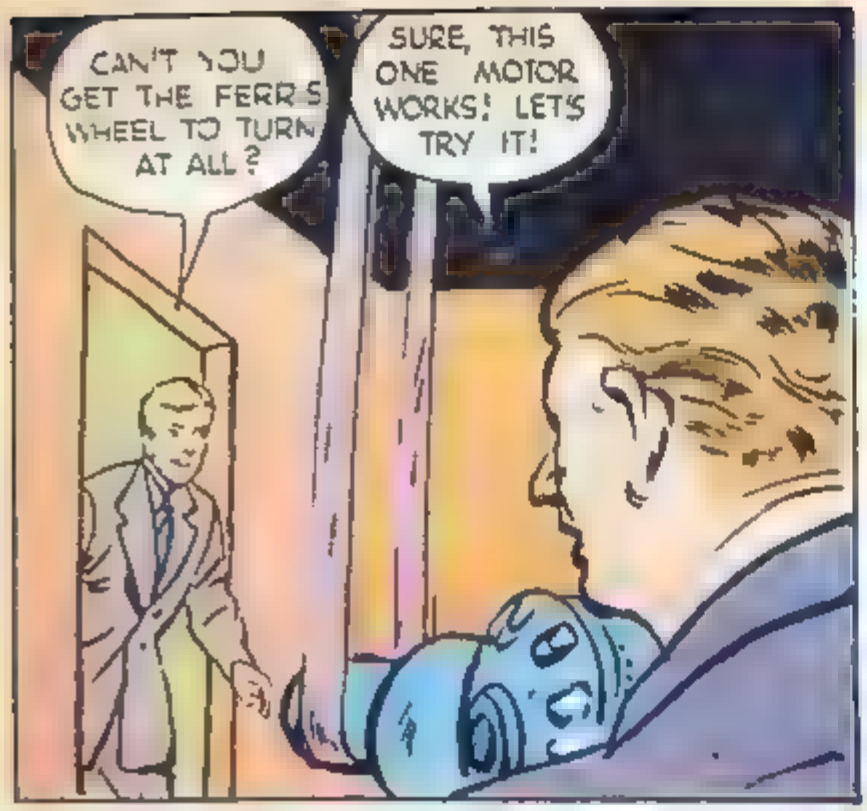

THERE'S A LAW AGAINST PLEASURE DRIVING!
BUT, OFFICER, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
A FRIEND OF OURS IS UP IN AN AIRPLANE AND THE MOTOR'S STOPPED AND SHE CAN'T GET DOWN!

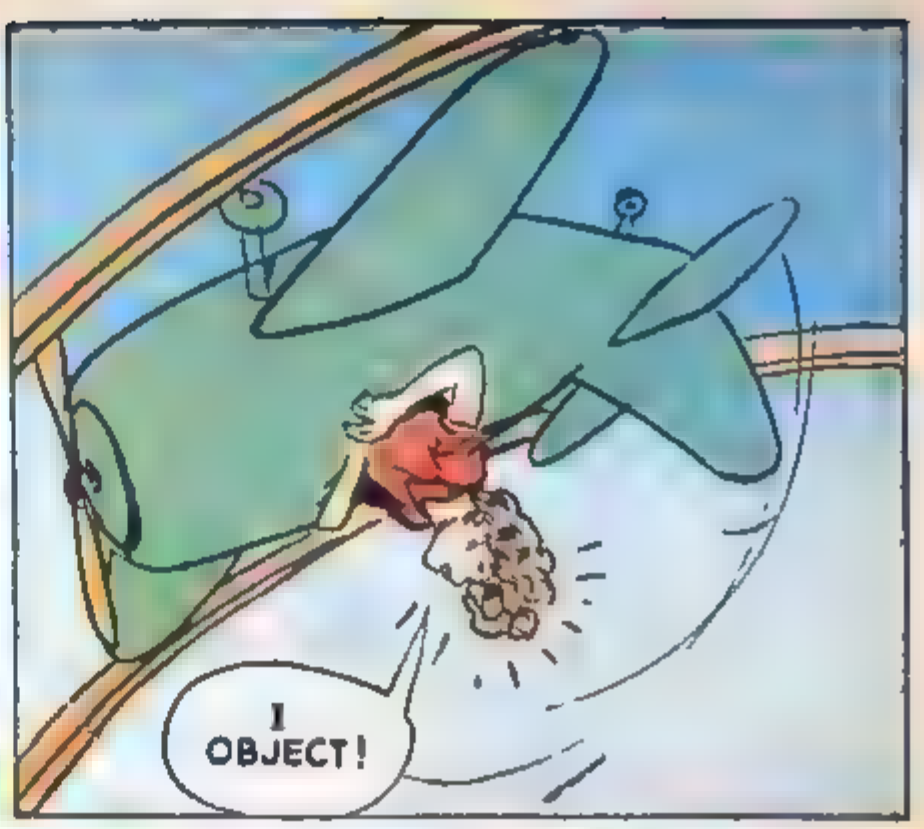

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LAW OF GRAVITY?
MAYBE SHE NEVER HEARD OF IT!

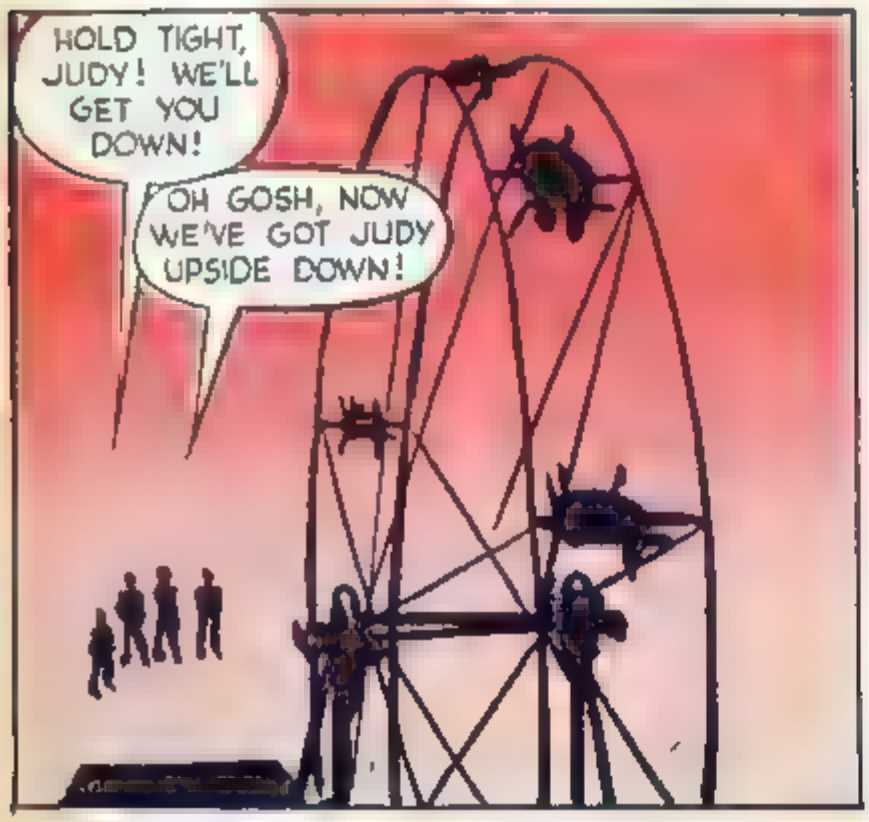

JIM! WHERE IS SHE?
UP THERE!

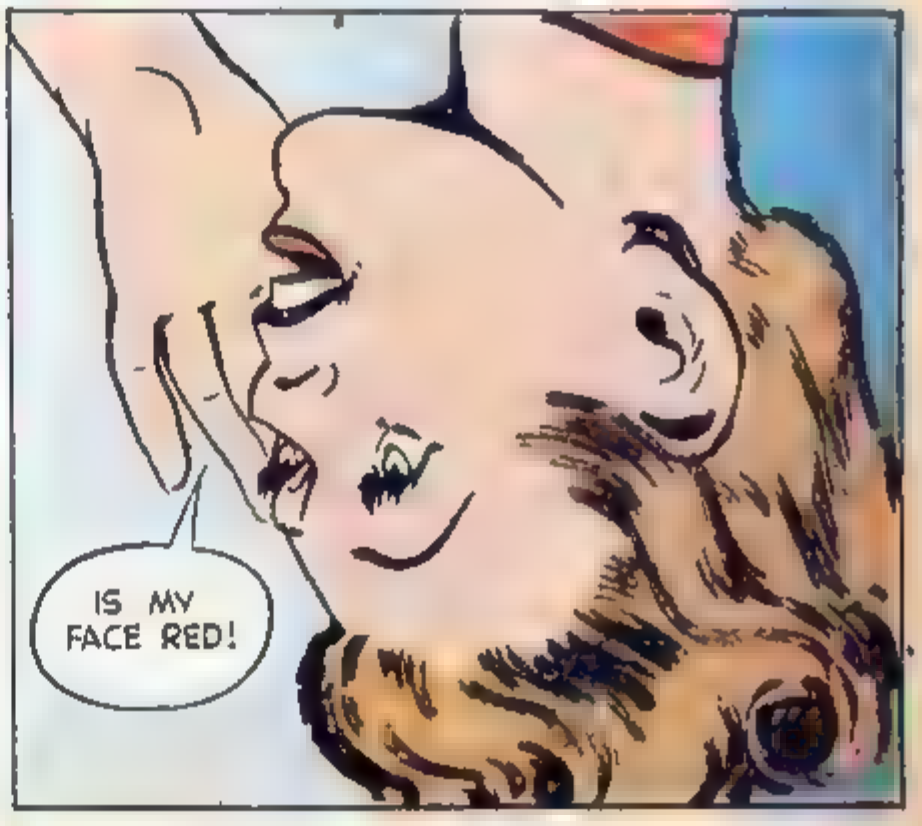
HELLO, EVERYBODY! FLYING WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

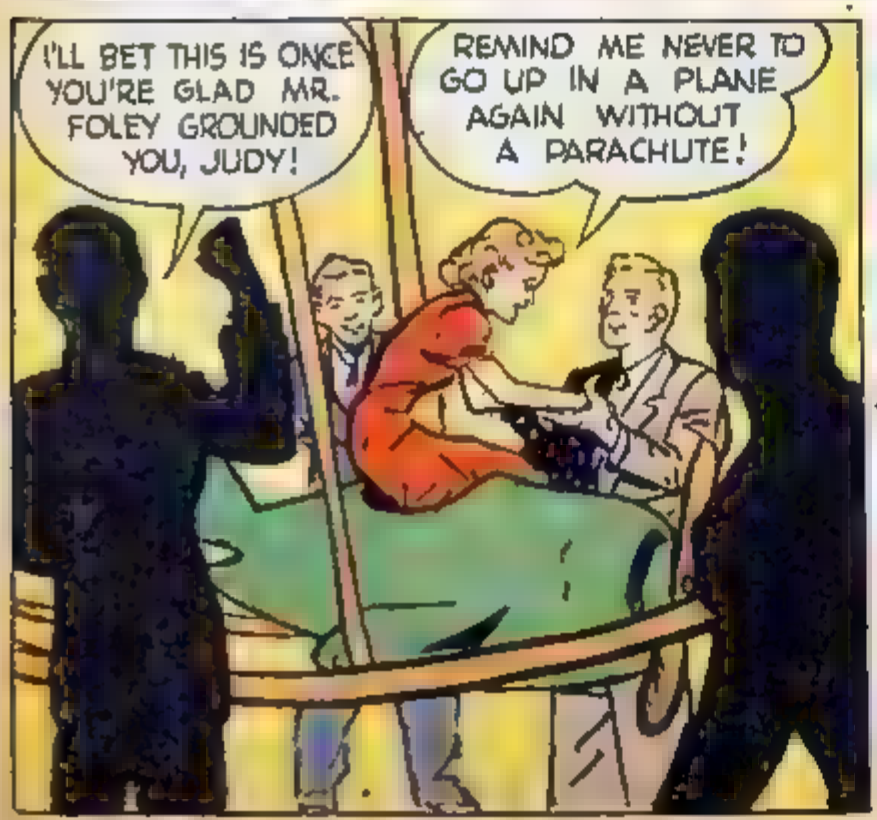

OF ALL THINGS, A FERRIS WHEEL! AND IT'S STUCK!
SO THAT'S THE PLANE JUDY'S UP IN!


CAN'T YOU GET THE FERRIS WHEEL TO TURN AT ALL?
SURE, THIS ONE MOTOR WORKS! LET'S TRY IT!


I OBJECT!


HOLD TIGHT, JUDY! WE'LL GET YOU DOWN!
OH GOSH, NOW WE'VE GOT JUDY UPSIDE DOWN!


IS MY FACE RED!


I'LL BET THIS IS ONCE YOU'RE GLAD MR. FOLEY GROUNDED YOU, JUDY!
REMIND ME NEVER TO GO UP IN A PLANE AGAIN WITHOUT A PARACHUTE!

FINALLY BACK AT THE PARTY, FOUR HOURS LATE...
THIS IS ONE PARTY YOU REALLY KEPT ME UP IN THE AIR ABOUT!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
SEE JUDY WING REALLY FLY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CALLING ALL GIRLS.

SHE TRAVELED THE UNDERGROUND

THE TRUE STORY OF ADELINE GRAY, WHO ESCAPED FROM JAP-HELD TERRITORY BY THE AID OF THAT UNCONQUERABLE NETWORK OF CHINESE PATRIOTS, THE "UNDERGROUND"

ADELINE GRAY WAS WRITING FOR "CHINA WEEKLY REVIEW" IN SHANGHAI ON THAT HISTORIC DECEMBER 7, 1941.

THE JAPS HAVE BOMBED PEARL HARBOR! THEIR ARMY IS MARCHING INTO SHANGHAI!

NOW ALL AMERICANS IN JAP-HELD TERRITORY ARE ENEMY ALIENS. THAT MEANS INTERNMENT-OR WORSE.

WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

IT WOULD BE THE END OF ME IF THE JAPS EVER SAW THESE ANTI-JAPANESE ARTICLES I WROTE. I'LL HAVE TO BURN THEM.

I DON'T DARE RETURN TO MY BOARDING HOUSE, EVEN FOR MY CLOTHES. THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE THE JAPS WOULD LOOK FOR ME.

IF I CAN ONLY ESCAPE TO FREE CHINA! PERHAPS MY CHINESE FRIENDS CAN HELP ME.

AND HER CHINESE FRIENDS DID HELP HER.

WE ARE SENDING SOME SECRET PAPERS TO THE FRONT. THE GUERRILLA LEADERS HAVE CONSENTED TO TAKE YOU ALONG.

I AM READY ANY TIME.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

WRAP THIS BLANKET AROUND YOU MISS GRAY AND REMEMBER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE VERY ILL.

DYING YOUR HAIR GIVES THE FINAL TOUCH TO YOUR DISGUISE MISS GRAY. IT IS LUCKY THE JAPANESE ARE AFRAID OF SICK PEOPLE.

WE ARE TAKING THIS WOMAN INTO THE COUNTRY TO DIE.

YOU MAY PASS. LEAVE QUICKLY.

TWELVE MILES FROM SHANGHAI...

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE SIGNALING US TO STOP. SOMETHING IS WRONG!

YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE AWHILE. OUR MAN IN THE NEXT AREA HAS TO STAY IN HIDING BECAUSE THE JAPANESE ARE LOOKING FOR HIM.

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? IF I GO BACK TO SHANGHAI, I WILL PROBABLY BE SHOT.

THERE IS A PEASANT FAMILY HERE WHO WILL SHELTER YOU. YOU WILL BE SAFE, MISS GRAY.

FOR THREE MONTHS THE PEASANTS CARED FOR ADELINE.

DO NOT WORRY, MISS GRAY. SOON THE UNDERGROUND WILL SEND SOMEONE FOR YOU.

BUT I SHOULDN'T STAY HERE.

THE JAPANESE ARE SEARCHING THE HOUSES AROUND HERE

I CANNOT GO BACK TO SHANGHAI AND I DARE NOT STAY HERE MUCH LONGER. WHAT SHALL I DO?

AT LAST, IN MAY, 1942, THE UNDERGROUND SENT A YOUNG GUERRILLA GIRL TO GUIDE ADELINE...

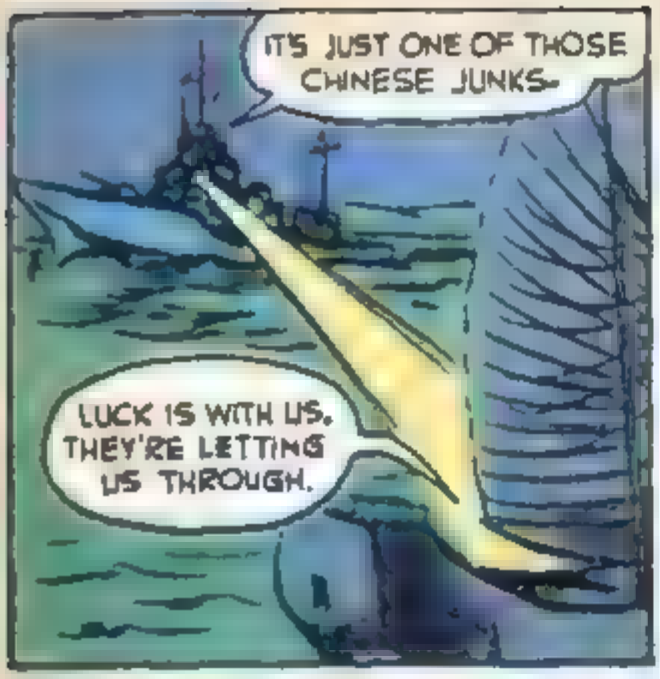
BUT JAPANESE SHIPS ARE GUARDING THE RIVER WON'T THEY STOP US?

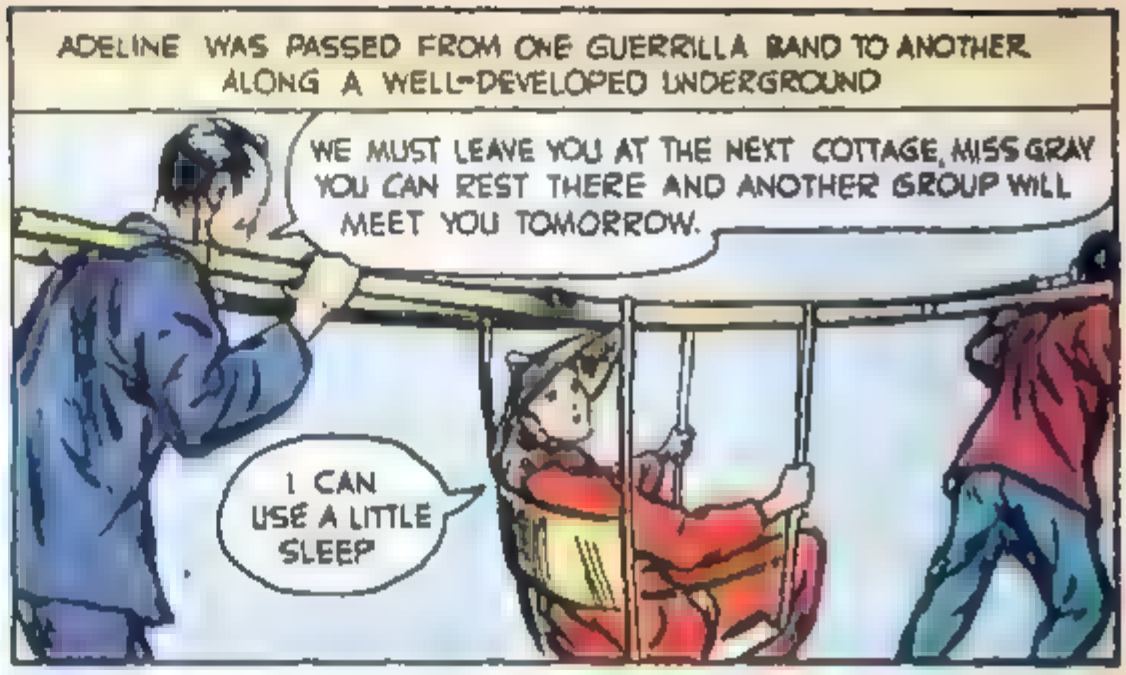
THIS IS A COMMERCIAL BOAT AND THEY MAY LET US PASS.

THEY'VE SIGHTED US!

LIE FLAT ON THE DECK AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

IF THEY STOP US IT WILL MEAN CERTAIN DEATH.


IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE CHINESE JUNKS.
LUCK IS WITH US. THEY'RE LETTING US THROUGH.

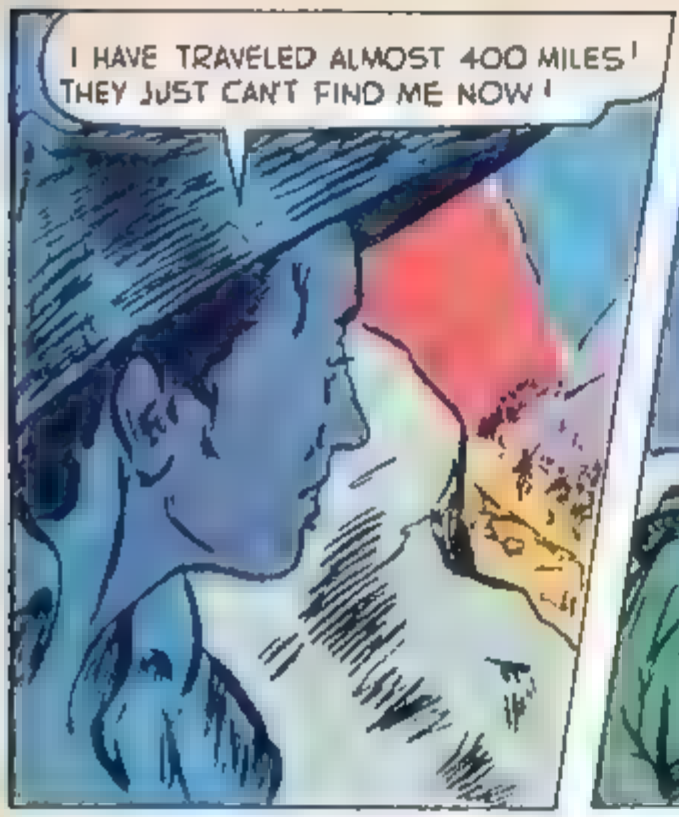

ADELINE WAS PASSED FROM ONE GUERRILLA BAND TO ANOTHER ALONG A WELL-DEVELOPED UNDERGROUND
WE MUST LEAVE YOU AT THE NEXT COTTAGE, MISS GRAY YOU CAN REST THERE AND ANOTHER GROUP WILL MEET YOU TOMORROW.
I CAN USE A LITTLE SLEEP

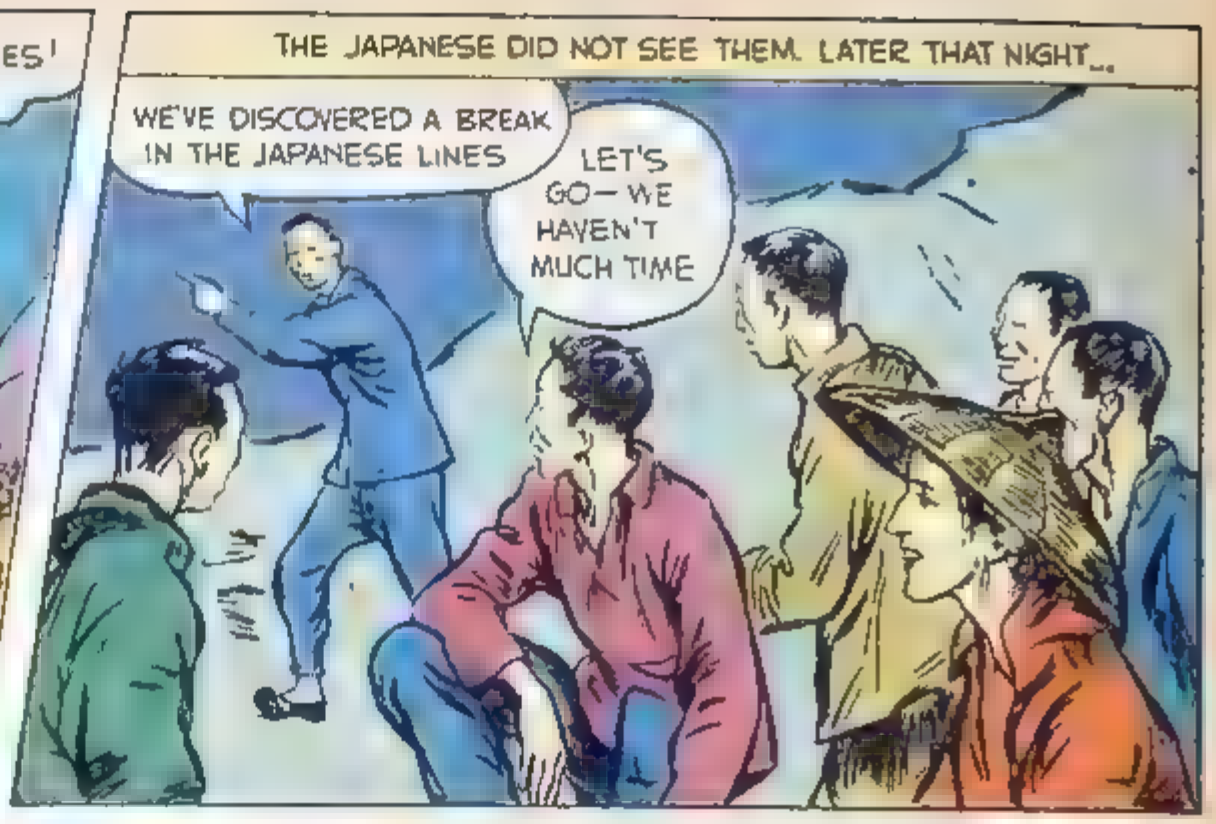
WE ARE HAPPY TO HELP YOU, MISS GRAY. WE LIKE AMERICANS WE DO NOT TAKE MONEY FOR WHAT WE DO.
I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU BRAVE PEOPLE

JUST BEFORE ADELINE ARRIVED IN FREE CHINA IN JUNE 1942...
WHO ARE THOSE MEN WATCHING US?
THEY ARE ROBBERS WHO STEAL NEAR THE BATTLEFRONT. BUT THEY WILL LET US GO THROUGH.

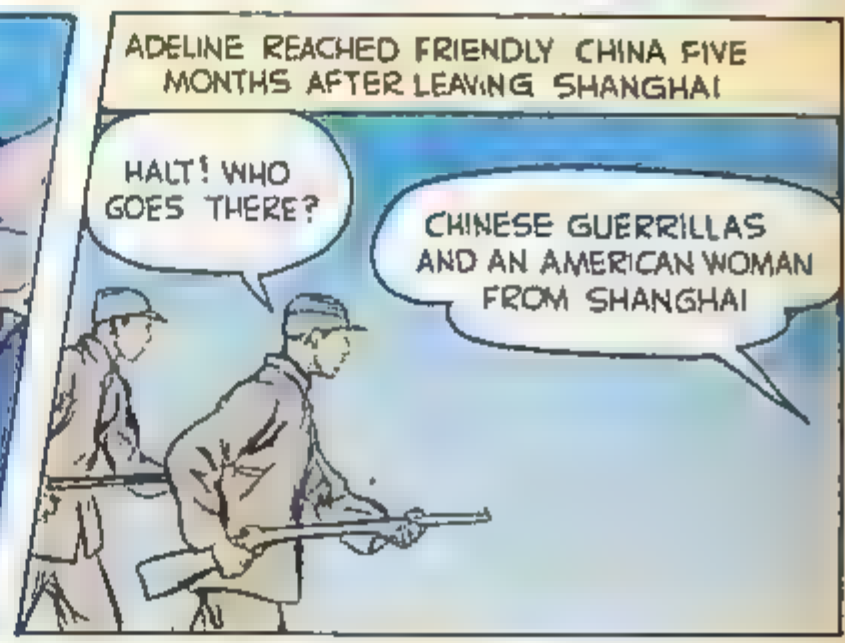
THE JAPANESE ARE COMING!
WE MUST HIDE!
QUICK! GET BEHIND THAT BOULDER

HURRY! IT WILL MEAN THE FIRING SQUAD IF WE'RE CAUGHT!


I HAVE TRAVELED ALMOST 400 MILES! THEY JUST CAN'T FIND ME NOW!


THE JAPANESE DID NOT SEE THEM. LATER THAT NIGHT...
WE'VE DISCOVERED A BREAK IN THE JAPANESE LINES
LET'S GO— WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME

HURRY! THEY MIGHT FIRE ON US FROM BEHIND.


ADELINE REACHED FRIENDLY CHINA FIVE MONTHS AFTER LEAVING SHANGHAI
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
CHINESE GUERRILLAS AND AN AMERICAN WOMAN FROM SHANGHAI

WELCOME TO FREE CHINA, MISS GRAY. YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED ON YOUR COURAGE.
I COULD NEVER HAVE GOT THROUGH WITHOUT THE CHINESE UNDERGROUND.

ADELINE LEFT CHINA IN AUGUST, 1942, BUT IT WAS SEVEN LONG MONTHS BEFORE SHE REACHED THE UNITED STATES
SOMEDAY SOON I WANT TO RETURN TO CHINA AND CONTINUE WITH MY WORK THERE!

Do You Want to Become A *Glamorous* MODEL?

– or would you want to be just like a model?

HAVE YOU GOT HIDDEN CHARMS that you're "afraid" of? So many women know inside them that they can be glamorous—if only they learned the tricks of "carrying" themselves right—*the way models do!* Very often an average face or figure can be made to appear intriguing . . . alluring . . . by "dressing it up" to highlight natural lines of beauty that almost every woman has! Don't be a "back number"! If you have ambitions to become a model . . . or if you want to enjoy the glamour of being like a model in appearance, in feminine grace and charm—here at last is an amzing book that can help you achieve your ambition!

OLGA MALCOVA - *Enchanting Model* - Takes You Behind The Scenes - *Reveals the Secrets of Dynamic Feminine Charm*

Without hiding any details, lovely, gorgeous Mlle. Malcova tells you the inside story of modeling! In "Wanted: Girl With Glamour" you get an amazing revelation! One of the most glamorous professions in the world is unfolded for you in amazing detail. Does a model have to be beautiful? Does she have to have a perfect or nearly perfect figure? Must she know the "right people"? How do you go about modeling dresses? Shoes? Corsets? Bathing suits? Fur Coats? Underwear? What are the special tricks of "retail" modeling? Of "wholesale" modeling? What actually happens in a studio? In a showroom? Do underwear models make more than dress models?

These, and hundreds of other questions, are answered with delightful frankness—and with professional accuracy based on years of actual experience.

You are taken on an intimate tour of modeling—from home boudoir to the excitement of the studio with the clicking cameras. You are let in on the secrets of the Fifth Avenue salon and the Garment Center showroom. You are treated to the professional "tricks of the trade" of the photographer and the artist—and their models!

And in addition to this thrilling side of a thrilling profession you get all the practical details—How much are models paid? How do they go about getting jobs? What steps can they take to get into the movies? Etc., etc.

On top of it all, you learn how you, too, can make the most of your basic charms—present your intriguing features of face and figure to best advantage!

And in addition to all this, the author tells you about the private lives of famous models—how they got their first jobs, the details of their figures, the type of modeling they do!

WITH MANY *Gorgeous* ILLUSTRATIONS

An enchanting feature of "Wanted, Girl With Glamour" is its special half-tone illustrations showing gorgeous models. Many different types of models are represented in different characteristic poses. These photographs clearly indicate the way feminine charm is brought out and enhanced. Even if you don't plan to enter the profitable and intriguing profession of modeling, this book can be of great help to you! By showing you how professional models develop their own charms to best advantage, Mlle. Malcova reveals how you, too, can improve your appearance, enhance your own feminine appeal! Learn these secrets of dynamic allure—take this road to popularity and

A Brief Glimpse of the AMAZING CONTENTS

"Bitten with the glamour-girl bug"—Wholesale modeling; a trip through the show-rooms, the dressing rooms; how the designer drapes a model, etc., etc.—Rates of pay for models—Modeling lingerie—Modeling corsets—"Showroom girl"—Fashion models in retail stores—Modeling in a department store—Behind the scenes in a fashion show—How long can a model keep her figure?—How model agencies operate—Secrets of crashing Hollywood—How models preserve the Body Beautiful—Intimate secrets of feminine loveliness—Glamour made to order—How clothes make the woman—Facts about famous women—Facts about famous models—Does it pay to be a model?—Etc., etc.

Yours to SEE and READ on FREE TRIAL!

A copy of this wonderful book will be sent to you on *Free Trial*—you don't risk a cent! You can see and read for yourself all the fascinating illustrations and revealing word pictures of modeling in every phase! All you have to do is write your name and address on the coupon and mail it—*now!* When the book arrives deposit the price—$1.98—plus a few cents postage with the letter carrier. Keep the book for 10 days. If you are not completely thrilled return it—and your money will be refunded in full!

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